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This One



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A LIFT FROM MOSCOW, AND EASTER'S UPLIFT

"The old ark's a-moverin'."

These days she's a-moverin' up into space. The U.S. revealed (pp. 31-34) that we have exploded bombs outside the earth's atmosphere with strange Buck Rogers effects. At the same time we are learning more about our fellow men. This week LIFE accepts what it considers an accolade in this area from, of all sources, Radio Moscow. By the very vehemence of its attack on Peter Deriabin's story last week on



ROSE AND TAPESTRY

the secret police, Moscow testified that the truth hurts. Quote: "This disgusting story" is "nonsense, dished out as sensationally as U.S. propaganda can be." The broadcast went on to call Deriabin "a minor embezzler" who "disappeared from Vienna after a drinking bout," and "an adventurer" who "lived with his last two wives simultaneously." Well, we are publishing the rest of Deriabin's story (pp. 80-92).

Deriabin came to us with unimpeachable credentials which have stood up under several years of the most careful checking by experts. But some things aren't a-moverin'. There are the eternal verities: spring, sap rising, seeds sprouting. In our story on prize roses we have a color portfolio (pp. 56-63) which ought to make any gardener's thumb itch, if not turn green. Spring is also young people letting off steam—like the Yalermen tangling with police or the students over-crowding phone booths on pp. 14-19. It is also the spirit of the "59ers," beset but hopeful as they wait for a new truck



DAUNTLESS DEBBIE

to take them to their promised homesteads in Alaska (pp. 24, 25). For our cover girl, Debbie Reynolds, spring this year is a frolic in Spain where she is working on her third film in six months and going through a thaw after her marital miseries with Eddie Fisher (pp. 67-70). But most of all the verities of spring are those solemnized by the religious festival of Easter, when devout Christians in their own ways commemorate the Crucifixion and Resurrection—as Sculptor Zajac has done in his way



KNEELING SACRIFICIAL LAMB EXPRESSES EASTER SPIRIT FOR SCULPTOR JACK ZAJAC



RED POLICE "HERO"

by creating the eloquent forms shown on pages 7-10. Easter, as our editorial this week points out, is a time when men ought to ask again the eternal question: to what end are we born—and reborn?



COLLEGE AS EVER WAS

COVER

In Madrid where she is making a film, Debbie Reynolds gaily greets her Spanish admirers (see pp. 67-70)

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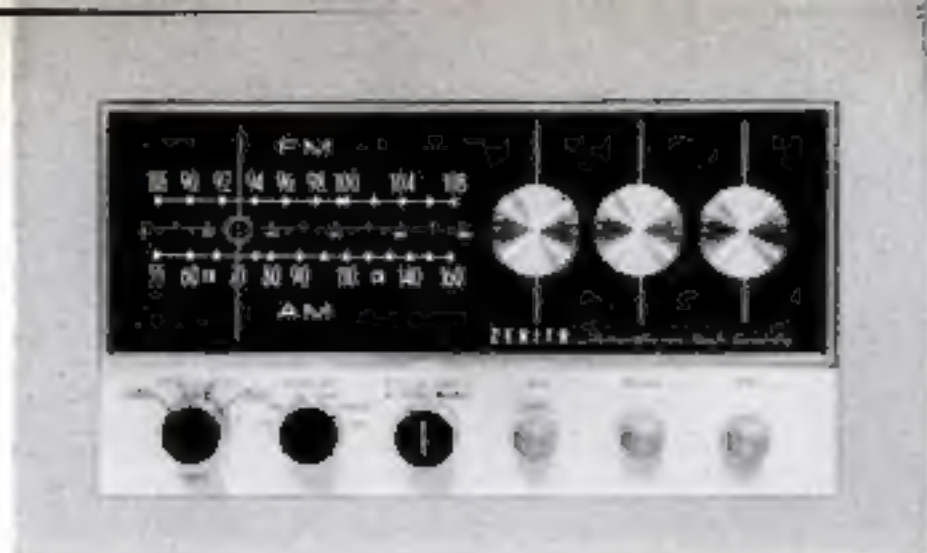
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MISSILE DEBATE

Sirs:

Mr. Shepley's superb analysis of the U.S. missile program is to be commended ("Life-and-Death Debate over Missile Program," LIFE, March 9). This is the type of responsible journalism we need if the public is to be kept informed on the dangers now facing America.

I feel that higher taxes are certainly a small price to pay for national survival. A balanced budget won't help us much if we're all dead.

ROY O. STRATTON

Schenectady, N.Y.

Sirs:

When the President states, "When are you going to learn that national security and a sound economy are the same thing?" he is adopting the view of the Irishman who was given the choice of his money or his life by a thug. "Take me life," he replied. "I am saving me money for me old age."

E. A. HENLEY

Bakersfield, Calif.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Your editorial ("Missiles and Diplomacy," LIFE, March 9) was excellent. We farmers have always been patriotic. We have produced a surplus of food that would keep the nation from starving for a year, in case of disaster. We farmers are fast getting fewer and older, but we can probably tighten our belts another notch and survive.

LEWIS TVEIT

Forbes, N.Dak.

LATE NIGHT'S LIGHT OF TV

Sirs:

Another delightful cover. A fine article ("Late Night's Light of TV," LIFE, March 9) too, about a grand entertainer and a heart-warming and beguiling gentleman. Jack Paar is really worth losing sleep over.

BARBARA GOOD

Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

Off stage Paar may be saint or sadist; on stage he is a master showman, whose injections of controversy produce the suspense that keeps a nation awake.

GRACE LADY BREARLEY

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

The Jack Paar show is popular because of the fine guest stars who drop by from time to time. It is my belief the show is popular in spite of Mr. Paar.

When the Jack Paar show comes on in Indianapolis, we have little else to watch and simply watch it because we are up. We only watch with the hope that someone who is being torn to shreds by Mr. Paar's acid tongue will put him in his well-deserved place.

PAUL MCCASLIN

Indianapolis, Ind.

LIFE 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois



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Sirs:

I'll bet you a subscription to the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* that Jack Paar's collection falls far short of being the "complete writings of Churchill."

LEE S. HOUGHINS

Albuquerque, N.Mex.

● Paar owns only recent works of Churchill's, not his earlier writings.—ED.

CLASSIC CHAMPIONS

Sirs:

Your story, "Classic Champions" (LIFE, March 9) was excellent. The picture of John Thomas' legs certainly does "evoke the statuary of the classical world," as this picture (below, left) of the legs of the bronze statue of the *Marathon Boy* proves.

MARY McLAREN

Montclair, N.J.



CLASSIC LEGS

MODERN LEGS

A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK

Sirs:

What has happened to the razor strap and the old woodshed where discipline and personality were created ("Protest over a Principal's Paddling," LIFE, March 9)? Where is the respect that children used to have for teachers? Our parents did not make an issue when we were punished by the principal; they figured that we had it coming to us.

KATHERINE URMANN

Pasadena, Calif.

STOREHOUSE OF SCHOLARSHIP

Sirs:

Our staff has just been discussing your article on Harvard's Library ("Storehouse of Scholarship," LIFE, March 9). It is a delight to view the products of our profession through the eyes of others. May we commend you for an excellent job.

LORENE M. NASH
Extension Director

Utah State Library
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:

May a loyal son of Yale be permitted to huzzah for the Harvard Library and for LIFE, which gave it such superb coverage?

Somehow I feel I can now walk taller, seeing that our culture is willing to give at least as many pages to one of our intellectual glories as it gives to nightclub antics or momentarily popular celebrities.

DONALD VINING

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hearty congratulations on this excellent reporting on one of our great scholarly libraries.

EMERSON GREENAWAY
Director

Free Library of Philadelphia
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

In your otherwise excellent article on Harvard's Library, you neglected to mention the man after whom the greater part of it is named.

Harry Elkins Widener was born in 1885 of a wealthy Philadelphia family. His father collected antiques and his brother accumulated paintings, and Harry took up the study of bibliography. His select library was made up of many unique and magnificent rarities.

In 1912 Harry went to London, where he purchased a very scarce copy of Bacon's *Essays*; he remarked to the bookseller that if he ever drowned, he would like to go down with such a book. Then he proceeded home on a ship which was making its maiden voyage—the *Titanic*. His mother gave the library to Harvard in his memory.

LAURENCE P. SENELICK

Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANY

Sirs:

Could it be that LIFE, champion of democracy and individual achievement mistook the one piglet in eight ("And This Little Piggie . . ." LIFE, March 9) for a "Wrong-way" Corrigan instead of a budding Einstein? It is the one pig who is best protected from the cold his seven fellows try to evade. His "hapless face" is boldly and intelligently facing his immediate future whilst the other average ones turn their unattractive behinds on it, probably hoping it will disappear, and maybe the chill with it. Were I selecting a leader from the group, I'd choose the one who dared to be different.

SHELDON M. COVELL

Yonkers, N.Y.

SPINNERS' SPECTACLE

Sirs:

Your "Speaking of Pictures" story on spinning plates ("Spinners' Spectacle," LIFE, March 9) was not accurate because I, last September, created the spinning plate fad in St. Louis, Mo. with the original, official "Whirley Whirler." The toy has since swept across the country.

"Whirley Whirler" sold over 2 million spinning plates by the end of '58 and we think we deserve credit for starting this fad.

JOHN I. HYATT
President

The Whirley Corporation
St. Louis, Mo.

● While balancing spinning plates on the ends of sticks has been in jugglers' repertoires for years (right), the idea of using this principle for a toy hit a number of toy makers last year. Mr. Hyatt's "Whirley Whirler" seems to have been the first one out.—ED.



WEATHER SPY'S GOLDEN INNARDS

Sirs:

Those of us close to the Vanguard project feel strongly the injustice of the reporting in "Weather Spy's Golden Innards" (LIFE, March 9). You stated "the satellite was put on the shelf until NASA took over from the U.S. Navy and straightened out the Vanguard's bugs." The truth is that the Vanguard team was transferred to NASA prior to the last shot. There were changes made in the vehicle by the same personnel who had worked for the Navy. But they were only minor changes of the type made between each Vanguard shot.

L. R. SCHERER
Commander, USN

Arlington, Va.

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Its message is based on statements by the Honorable Robert Anderson,
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THERE IS A CURE FOR INFLATION

To most people, inflation means that it costs more to set the table, more to clothe and house the family.

Inflation hurts everyone alike. It hurts farmers and city people, business and labor. It is *not* a political problem. It bears no party labels. It is a very serious economic problem for *all* our people.

Even a "little" inflation is bad

Some have suggested that a slight rise in prices each year is not harmful.

Economic history reveals that there is no such thing as a "little" inflation. As long as prices keep rising year after year, the value of the dollar declines and people—particularly those on fixed incomes—are seriously hurt.

What the government can do

The government can pay its current expenses out of current income. This calls for discipline and courage in government—and it is particularly appropriate in prosperous times. A government deficit (or fear of future deficits) can keep people from saving because of the possible shrinkage of these savings through inflation. If we ever reach the point where the people believe that to speculate is safe—but to save is to gamble—then we are indeed in trouble.

What we can do to help

We can urge and actively support economies in government—whether federal, state or local. This does not mean endangering national security or affecting

vital services, but it does mean helping the government to limit spending to services which are truly necessary.

We should not run to the federal government for help on matters which we ourselves should take care of as individual citizens or through our local forms of government.

Cutting government expenditures is a job for everyone, if taxes and our government debt are to be reduced. Reduction of both is extremely important in our fight against inflation.

We can buy prudently. It is always wise to get full value for our money. But, in time of inflation, it is even more important.

We can save more. We are a saving nation. We must save to pay for the modernized or additional plant and equipment which industry needs to raise its productivity, and to make the increasing jobs our country must have. The more we save, the more we help ourselves...and the more value we give the dollar.

We can give a dollar's worth of value for every dollar we earn. Increased productivity is an effective way to help defeat inflation. Here is what President Eisenhower said about productivity:

"... if our efficiency does not increase, if our productivity does not rise, we ... will tend to fall into the costly error of overpaying ourselves for the work we do. Along that road ... lies the spur to further inflation."

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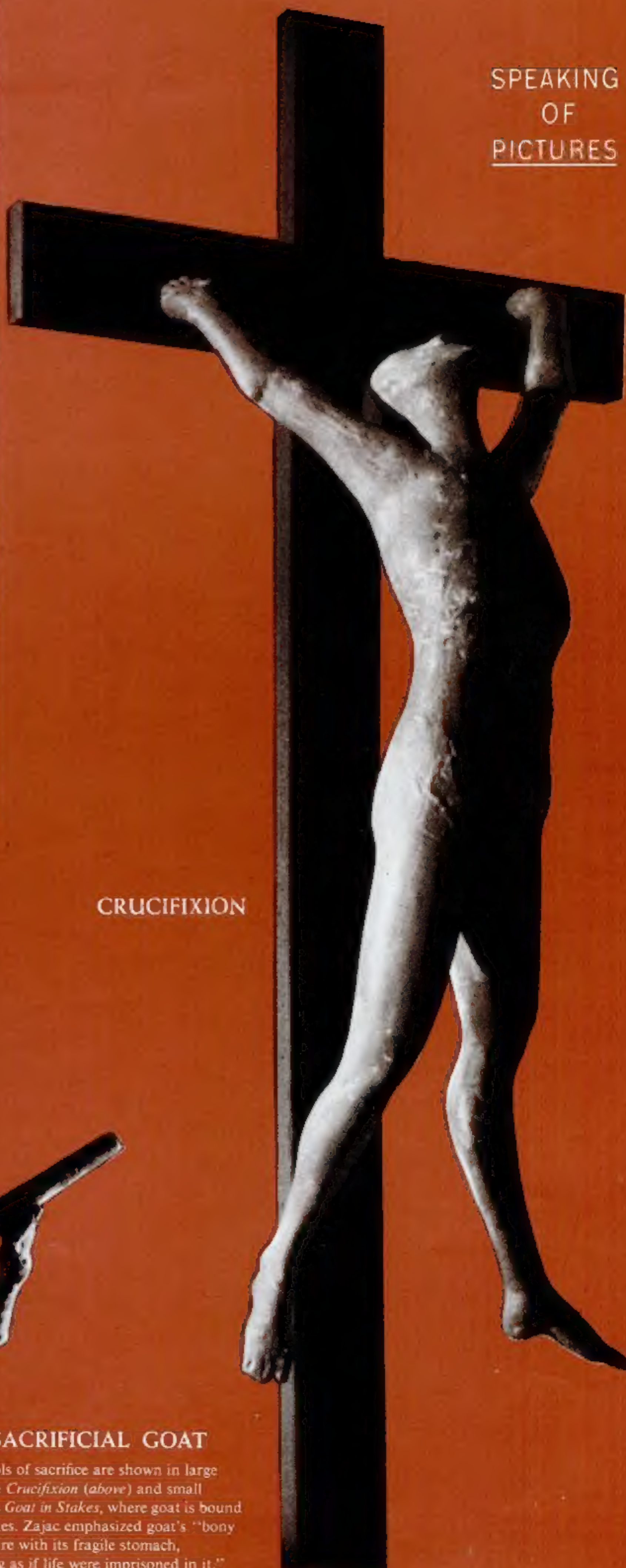


An Eastertide Offering from a Gifted Sculptor

The Savior's death agony and triumphant resurrection, the submissiveness of a sacrificial animal—these are themes a gifted 29-year-old California artist named Jack Zajac uses to create some of the most moving sculpture in contemporary art. The faceless Christs, their bodies eloquently rigid in pain and limp in death, are not works of traditional piety, nor are the powerful forms of lambs and goats. They are intense expressions of a modern man's compassion for suffering and death.

Until four years ago Zajac was a promising young painter. But while he was in Italy on a Prix de Rome Fellowship he found he could express his religious feelings more forcefully in sculpture. At Pomona College, where he now teaches, Zajac turns out his somber figures in bronze and plastic, some of which are shown as an Easter offering on these pages.

SPEAKING
OF
PICTURES



CRUCIFIXION

SACRIFICIAL GOAT

Symbols of sacrifice are shown in large bronze *Crucifixion* (above) and small bronze *Goat in Stakes*, where goat is bound to stakes. Zajac emphasized goat's "bony structure with its fragile stomach, looking as if life were imprisoned in it."





DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

EASTER GOAT

In attitudes of helplessness, bodies of dead Christ at the foot of cross (*above*) and sacrificial goat lie limp and contorted. The figure of goat is cast in traditional bronze but Christ is cast in Fiberglass.





KNEELING LAMB

Tender figure of bronze lamb was modeled in a single night in 1955. In *Resurrection* (right) Christ's body, still heavy with death, rises from grave. Claremont College may buy this seven-foot figure for war memorial.

RESURRECTION

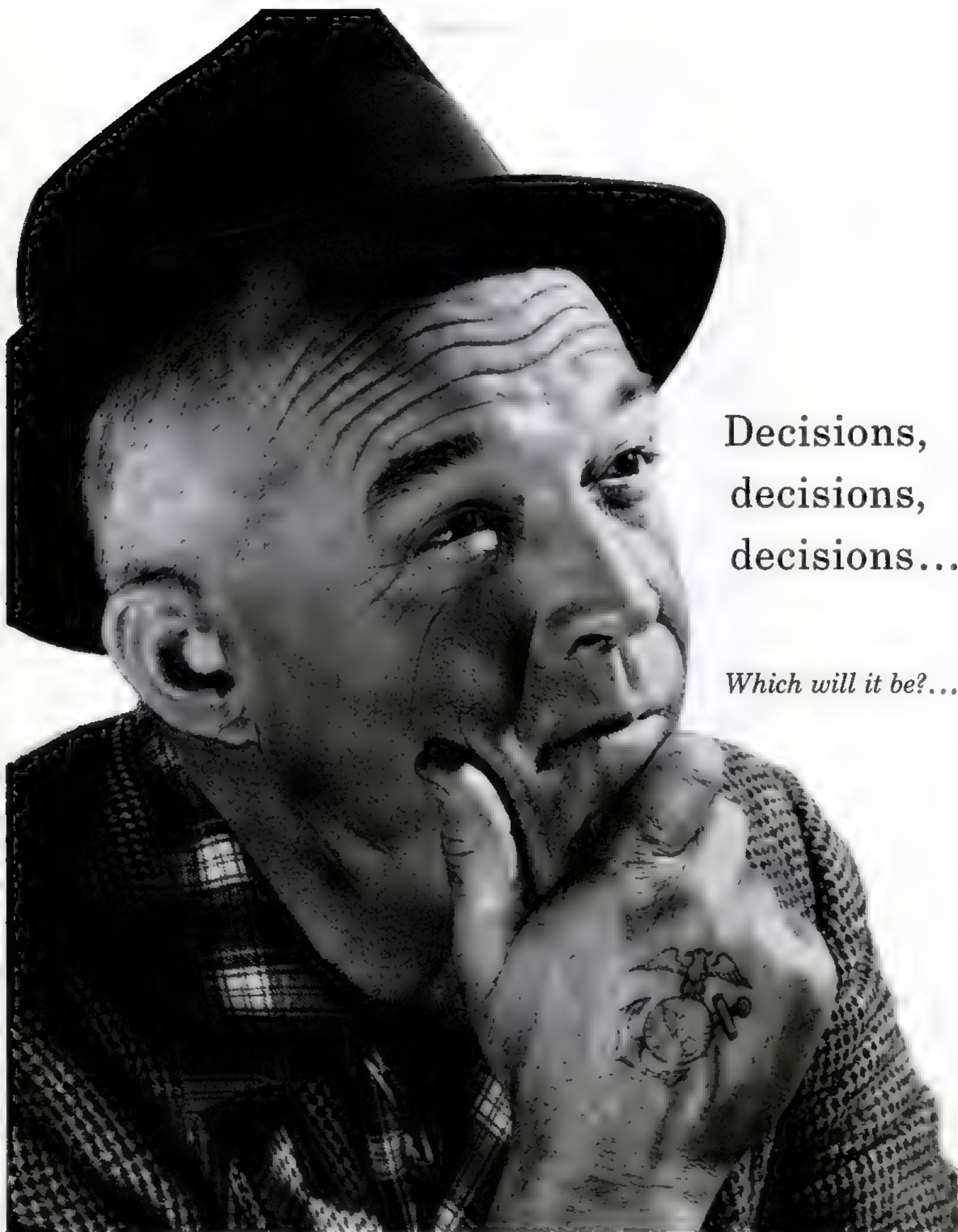




CHRIST'S SOUL RISING TO HEAVEN

In a joyous whirl, figures spin heavenward against a dawn sky, surrounded by a flock of fluttering birds. To the artist, the figures represent soul of Christ in two stages of resurrection. Below, Christ's soul still

struggles in the agony of death. Above, the soul of Christ spirals upward toward eternity. In this 14-inch-high bronze, Zajac was trying "to evoke the supernatural quality through melodramatic figures and the web of birds."



Decisions,
decisions,
decisions...

Which will it be?...



soft pack...



or flip-top box?



YALE Gaining their engines and students pour a torrent of "Cops to Home" New Haven motorcycle police try to clear campus street after St. Patrick's parade. Charging patrolmen later dispersed the crowd and arrested 16 students.

OREGON STATE In costume that can't be too comfortable, a parade float is decorated with winking turns post to clip premier at bus at the college. This brought to the letter from President A. L. Strickland in a promotional release.





RIOTS, GIRLS, FADS SPRING'S ODE ON CAMPUSES

On the campuses everywhere, the college students acted out their annual odes to spring—the whooping gambols enjoyed by those who are young and filled with spirit, who are ready to defy authority or defend a cause, who are eager to do almost anything to get some exercise and start a fad. Stirring restlessly after the winter's confinement in classes, the students broke out in pre-Easter vacation riot and sport, making trouble for a lot of people, including themselves.

At Yale, students pelted the local police with snowballs and got hopped in return. At Oregon State, speaking up for beauty, they criticized a president who had cracked down on coed cheesecake. They poured out of the classroom on slight provocation to revel in the streets.

But much of the wild student spirit went into a brand-new craze (right) that might even surpass panty raiding in popularity on the campus. The game requires only a pay booth and some willing but small students. From Canada to California college boys were stuffing themselves up to the confines (pp. 18, 19). But it was reassuring to remember that higher education in the U.S. has a way of surviving the japes of March.

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LIFE

March 30, 1959



RYERSON TECH Joining the newest campus craze, Canadian students spill out on Toronto sidewalk trying to set a "phone-boothing" record. They squeezed in 19 to tie the record. But their triumph was brief (pp. 18, 19).

THE VARYING REACTIONS OF PRESIDENTS



DISTURBED. Dr. A. Whitney Griswold, president of Yale (*left*) confers with campus police captain

Thomas Cramer at scene of fight where all the incident set back to its campus relations.



NOW AMIABLE. A. L. Strand, president of Oregon State, walks campus with six coeds who posed in

bathing suits. "Now other colleges will have wrestling queens and we won't," said one girl after him.



CORRALLING YALE MEN New Englander and US player Dave Strand (*right*) was away.

FEUD RENEWED BY

Most of the trouble came from only 100 men playing from long-suffering college administrators and were rapidly forgotten. Even over-career like Oregon State ended with a friendly meeting between President Strand and the pretty principals (*left*). But Yale's high jinks had a less frivolous origin— for the students' in a extra-saturday.

Yale and its neighbors have the town—sky—rushes with local cops and townies. In 1950 one riot grew so violent it lasted six days and ended in three deaths. But usually the rowdy things out no more than harmless fun. This year it was egged on by a late winter snow storm. After the storm about 300 undergrads are first pelted each other with snowballs, automobiles with snowballs and police to catch and arrested 25. Two days later as St.



FOOTBALL CAPTAIN Paul Evans (*right*) of Catholic scoffed at charges that students were a



others take Senior John Smith who was arrested on chapel step with Instructor Fred Hammond (arrows).



OUT ON BAIL. Instructor Hammond (left) and Smith take their afternoon tea at Yale's Elizabethan

Club. Booked on breach of peace charge, they were released under \$500 bond after three hours in jail.

THE SONS OF ELI

Patrick's parade passed the campus, the students took revenge. They cheered the paraders loudly, but they booed police assigned to patrol the streets. When the hecklers refused to disperse, police charged with night sticks. And in the melee of fleeing students, they grabbed some surprised bystanders (above) and rapped some innocent undergraduate heads. Students were bitter about the strong-armed methods used by police. "As we drove away the officer who had arrested me turned around and hit me on the mouth," one said. But President Dr. A. Whitney Griswold was just as disturbed by the students' conduct. He apologized to the community for the demonstration of "childishness and boorishness." And he placed all 4,000 undergraduate students on probation. "I wish," he said later, "it hadn't snowed on Thursday."



RIOT POLICE, wearing motorcycle jackets, wait at the New Haven city court to appear as witnesses in

the hearing for 16 arrested students. One policeman said, "These guys started a fight—but we won it."



HISTORY MAJOR Eli Richman deploras police action. "They are always met with antagonism here."



PSYCHOLOGY MAJOR Jacques de Labry says, "The campus cops try to protect us from city cops."



LITERATURE MAJOR Jonathan Hufstader says, "We had no intention but to let off some steam."



↓ **M.I.T.** In an oversized telephone booth in the Theta Chi fraternity house, 19 students are comfortably and "scientifically" stacked on top of one another while one in the middle of the pile actually makes a phone call to satisfy British rules.

MODESTO As sides of the booth split apart, California junior college students roll out on the lawn after claiming a world record. Students got a phone company to provide the booth and then laid it on its back so as to get 14 into it.



IN A RAPIDLY GROWING FAD, VARIED CRAMMING METHODS

College students who wedged their ways into telephone booths across the land were taking up the challenge from campuses far away. When a school in South Africa boasted of a world's record of 25 in a booth, students at London University set out to beat it. Although they had broad-style British booths to wedge into, the best they could do was 19.

The competitive squeeze started to sweep the U. S., with each college playing by its own rules. Some used roomy phone cubicles in fraternity houses. Others upended booths and piled into them like boats (*above*). Conscientious student stuffers used the sardine, or limbs-in, method (*opposite page*). Others took the easier approach that permits legs to dangle on the outside (*p. 15*). Competitors agree that the best phone-boothing technique is to round up undersize undergraduates, preferably freshmen, and put them under the supervision of a tough master crammer. One M.I.T. student boasted, "Here we think and calculate about the job. The mathematics of it are challenging."

College heads remained unworried by the fad, which they recognize as healthier than swallowing goldfish. But the *Toronto Globe and Mail* deplored the wastefulness of phone-boothing. "This research into togetherness is misguided," an editorial said. "The world's telephone problem is to get just one occupant out when you are waiting to make a call."

→ **ST. MARY'S** Expertly placed, 22 undergraduates fit snugly into an outdoor booth on the Moraga, Calif., campus. Spectators yelled "Beat South Africa" and later gave the phone-boothers a ride on their shoulders around the college.



A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



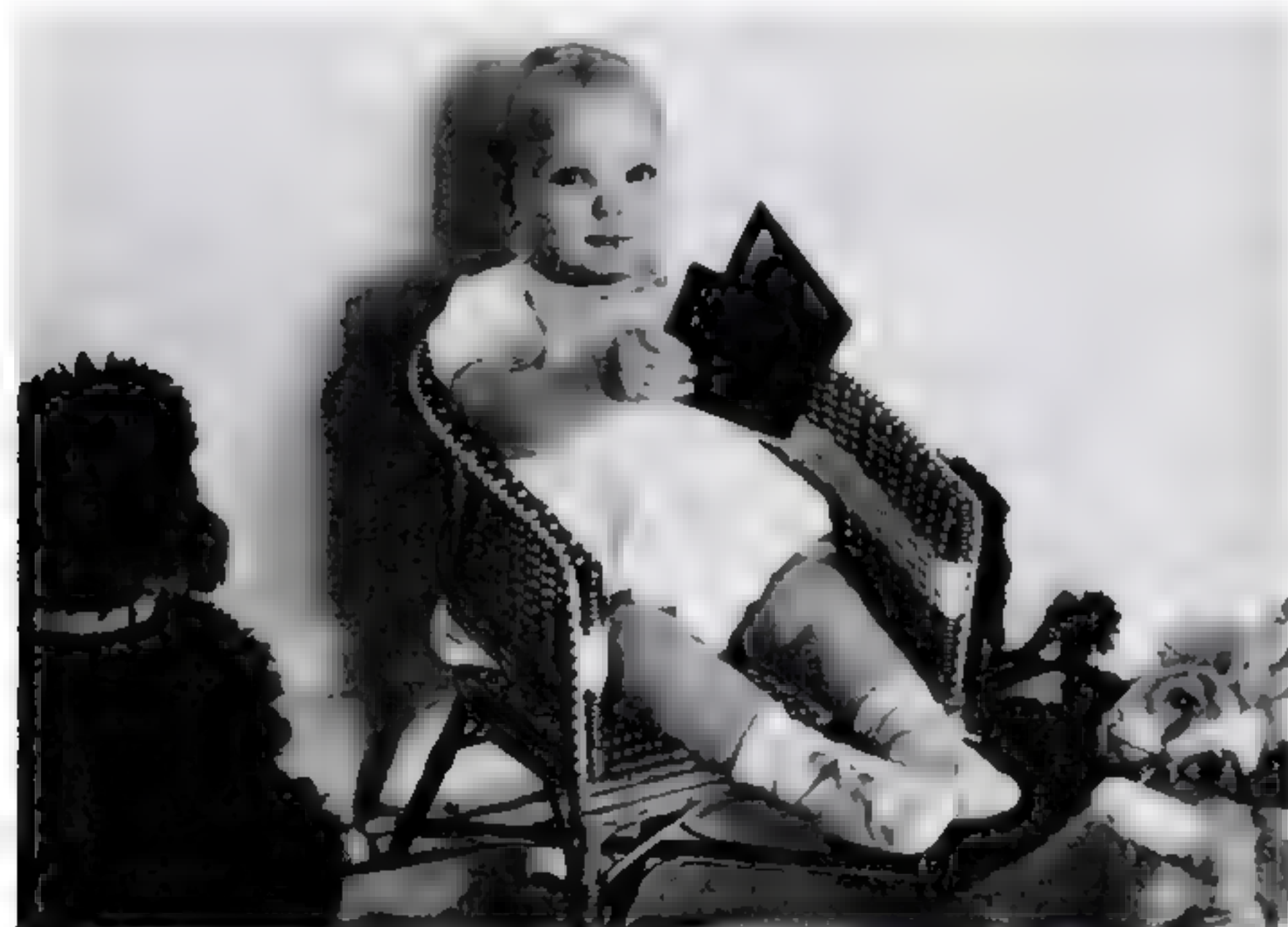
A GRACIOUS O'KELLY GESTURE TO MAMIE

President Sean O'Kelly of Ireland gained an admirer with his gallant greeting of Mrs. Eisenhower at a White House dinner given for him.

O'Kelly had been in the U.S. before, as Irish ambassador in 1924-26. But this was the first time an Irish president had paid a state visit.



DOWN UNDER, RECORD CROWD OUT TO HEAR BILLY GRAHAM



GRACE'S BOY—BY GRACE

Prince Albert, tiny son of Prince Rainier and heir to his father's tiny, sunny principality of Monaco, sat sedately in a nursery chair while a photographer posed and snapped this special, first-birthday portrait. The royal photographer was the boy's mother, Princess Grace.

SENTENCE FOR A MOTHER—➔

Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan was comforted by her son Frank as she stood in a Ventura, Calif. court to hear her death sentence read. A jury found that Mrs. Duncan, who wanted to have Frank all to herself, had hired two men for \$6,000 to strangle her daughter-in-law, Olga.





More than 110,000 Australians, the greatest crowd in the nation's history to witness a single spectacle, overflowed the stands of the vast

Olympic Stadium in Melbourne. They had come to hear Evangelist Billy Graham wind up a month-long crusade there which resulted in

20,000 new "decisions for Christ." Afterwards Graham, who has cut down slightly in his work because of eye trouble, moved on to Tasmania.



OVER THE FENCE, BUT NOT OUT

At a race in Aurora Downs, Ill., Peter Purdue, a pacer, began acting like a hunter. He leaped the fence, dragging his sulky and driver Al Phillips behind him. Phillips held the excited Peter down until the other horses had safely passed, then let him up. Somehow, Peter was unhurt.

← FUNNYMAN OUT-FACED BY GUEST

Comedian Jack Benny gets a lot of laughs being ribbed verbally by visitors on his TV show. Last week he was comically ribbed by some guests who couldn't talk. One of them aped Benny's actions mercilessly, finally goaded him into making faces (above), then out-aped him even at that.



LECTURING AND LISTENING. Khrushchev deals with some of 22 questions submitted to him.



QUESTIONING KHRUSHCHEV, an *Inter* reporter, Vladimir Kudryatsev, rises as his word are

recorded. Three *Inter* Russian and Foreign correspondents attend conference in Kremlin.

THE PLAY FOR HIGH STAKES IN THE SUMMIT GAME

Last week, playing an important game in their separate ways for enormous stakes, Russia's Nikita Khrushchev and the leaders of the West prodded one another on the tricky approaches to the issue of Berlin.

Seeking to put himself in the right before the world, the usually truculent Russian chose sweet reasonableness for his text. As a platform he picked the Kremlin's Sverdlov hall under whose 200-foot ceiling he called the second Kremlin press conference of his career.

To settle the question of West Berlin—from which Russia wants to evict the West—Khrushchev said he has always preferred a summit conference, a meeting of "the heavyweights." He still does. But President Eisenhower had made a speech indicating willingness to attend such a conference if, first, a foreign minister-meeting offered "prospects of worthwhile re-

sults." This, said Khrushchev, was "a healthy kernel which may give sprouts." Genially he gave out "a Soviet government secret": he is willing to make a "concession" and have the foreign ministers meet first on May 11.

Carefully, less exuberantly, the West made its moves. British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was in Washington. He and President Eisenhower first paid a pointed visit to ailing Secretary Dulles who has suspected a summit conference as a Russian propaganda gambit. Then the heads of state retired to a lodge in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains to forge an agreement on tactics and a formula for negotiations which could be submitted first to their Western allies, then to the Kremlin. A summit meeting may well come before summer, but the West was still trying to make sure it would be "justified" first by progress at a lower level.



IN HOSPITABLE GESTURE, aides hang Churchill portrait by Eisenhower in Dulles' reception room



MEETING WITH DULLES, British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd and Prime Minister Macmillan

come with Eisenhower to Secretary of State's Walter Reed Hospital quarters. Dulles, thinner after

radiation treatments for his cancer, spent nearly an hour going over the Berlin issue with his callers.



LANDMARKS OF TREK are shown here. The group traveled 3,000 miles before stalling at The Last Resort. In Anchorage they will file for their homesteads.

THE SORELY BESET '59-ERS CARRY ON

Breakdowns delay long trek to Alaska

The brave band of Detroiters who left homes, jobs and families three weeks ago (LIFE, March 16) to homestead in Alaska had fought blizzard, breakdown and sickness but they gamely kept going. Last week their ancient moving van finally gave up the ghost. Filled with heavy equipment, a year's supply of canned goods and a tractor, it broke in two and the caravan was stalled at The Last Resort, British Columbia (*map above*).

As these pictures by Bill Ray show, the band has found both hardship and hospitality on their trek. Deep snow slowed them in Wisconsin. A station wagon was wrecked on the icy road near Fergus Falls, Minn. In Trutch, B.C. their leader, Ronald Jacobowitz, temporarily abandoned them to get medical aid for his wife who was burned by hot tea and troubled by asthma. But in Glasgow, Mont. and Lethbridge, Alta. the group was feted with venison banquets and dances and was loaded with gifts. After four days a new van arrived at The Last Resort and the group started out. They drove only three miles before the new truck blew a piston and the discouraged but still determined band was stalled again.



IN ZERO WEATHER near The Last Resort, Hugh Lynn, who does much of the caravan's heavy work, cuts log to be used as lever in prying up the broken van.



LIFTING VAN to get it off road, five men bear down on log. The rest trucker who gave group van arranged for another to be sent to them from Edmonton



PRACTICAL PRESENTS of tools and food were given to group at a party in Lethbridge, Alberta.

← **ON HIGH TRESTLE** serving as a train and trolleys, the group crossed Peace River in British Columbia.



LEADER'S DAUGHTER, Sandy, was temporarily orphaned near Trutch, B.C., when parents left for Summit Lake. Marino Sik, second in command, took charge.



CARAVAN'S GOAL is land near Homer where ranchers like Jim Faulk already have land under cultivation. Each Detroit family plans to homestead 160 acres.

NEITHER SCIENCE NOR OUR SECULAR AFFLUENCE WILL TELL US, BUT EASTER DOES

Easter can be an uncomfortable holiday for the serious-minded. The pagan in us can enjoy the rite of spring, the new clothes on the street, the fresh smells in the air. But to the average churchgoing American, Easter is the climax of the Christian year and its meaning cannot be tamed or diluted. If we think about Christ's Resurrection at all, we are face to face with the most basic questions a man can ask himself, the questions about his nature and destiny and the meaning of his life.

Such questions can be ducked, of course, and they can also be given nonreligious answers. These are the standard responses of "secularism," the attitude that permeates so much of American life (even in church). Secularism is the belief that this world is all there is, or all there need be. A forthright skeptical secularism refuses on principle to ask questions that science cannot answer, and holds that this life, if not quite good enough, can be made so by further doses of human effort. But a second form of secularism, instead of rebuking the basic questions, smothers them with others, ranging from "Will I get a raise?" to the absorbing queries now being launched against the outer void, as by Argus (see p. 31). These questions have answers that forever breed new questions of the same rabbit kind.

•

The triviality and self-indulgence of American life, so roundly criticized by Adlai Stevenson and others (LIFE, Feb. 9) are only part of the blight of secularism. Our affluent society is rich not only in barbiturates and banality, but in unsung heroism and hard work. Busy with useful life-filling efforts, many good Americans seem to assume that the basic questions about life's meaning are being handled somehow somewhere in our marvelous division of labor, as the Pentagon handles defense. But they aren't. The most smashing lunar probe is no substitute for the question that can only be asked and answered inside each locked and silent self. However full his secular life, the man who skips that question is only half alive.

Although secularism still permeates our life, it has been crumbling at the edges. The president-elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Physiologist Chauncey D. Leake, last week announced another "intellectual crisis" as a result of the march of science, besought poets and artists to reorganize our thinking, and even ventured a little free verse himself, viz.:

Nor though we read the sign-post fairly well,
to what it points, have we the wit to say.

Dr. Leake's bafflement was anticipated by the earlier arrival at similar dead ends in physics and mathematics, which have demonstrated by scientific method that scientific method is incapable of constructing a complete explanation of nature. And now depth psychology too, which has isolated and removed so many neurotic obstacles to "self-fulfillment" or normality, has discovered a dead end of its own. The new school of "existential" psychologists finds that there is one basic and ineradicable anxiety at the root of every human psyche—a normal, built-in fear, a sense of distortion, estrangement, homelessness or guilt which seem to be part of human nature.

In philosophy a similar redefinition of man's problem has been taking place. Existential philosophy, as Professor William Barrett's *Irrational Man* makes clear, is a good deal more important than the postwar French fad associated with Jean-Paul Sartre. Its chief roots are in the Christian testimony of the Danish thinker Kierkegaard as well as in other more technical sources from Plato down. According to this new-old philosophy, man is a finite and mortal creature with intimations of eternity, and from this double nature, kept in tension by the great gift of freedom, comes not

only his greatness but his grief. Anxiety and guilt are the price he pays for being able to envision an infinity he cannot command.

Thus both psychology and philosophy have been digging in the same buried city which Christians long ago discovered and named Original Sin. The whole trend of modern thought has been to make God and religion intellectually respectable again. But the problem for the anxious individual remains what it always was: to make God real.

Why is not God already real to Americans, who are among the most churchgoing people in the world? Partly because of the blight of secularism in the churches, which have become just another valued branch of American democratic culture instead of its center. What used to be the minister's study is now his office, and as a busy agent of the social gospel he is less a spokesman of God than a useful citizen, making East Overshoe "a better place to live." A society that apotheosizes techniques, and talks more about its processes than its aims, has made God himself a technique instead of the source and goal of our being.

But the basic problem of our being—why, and for what?—becomes more urgent as our life grows richer. One illustration of this urgency is the enormous success of Billy Graham and of many lesser revivalists. They do not create their own tinder; it is lying all around. Their crowd records are more significant than the attendance records of the churches, whose lack they supply.

Another illustration is that strange and unpleasant phenomenon, the beatniks, who are a kind of uncorseted existentialism in action. "The best minds of my generation," as they call themselves?—well, no, not the best, but some of them have brains and talent and the courage of their conviction, such as it is. At least they know that the overorganized technology and bureaucracy of American life are a poor environment for the individual's cultivation of an immortal soul. At least the seemingly aimless cross-country chases and mountain climbings of the beatniks, as in Jack Kerouac's novels, are not a flight but a search. At least their tin-horn mysticism is healthier than no mysticism at all. At least they are guiltless, unlike their sleepy betters, of what Chesterton called "that last and vilest of human superstitions," good taste.

Some good day the beatnik impulse, if it stays out of jail, will find its way into a church, guided there by reason and experience. For the church, any viable church, has two foundations: the faith and mystery within, and the reason and experience that guard and give human access to the mystery. As Billy Graham's converts, and perhaps the beatniks, find or rediscover their church, so it is time for the rest of us, the secular churchgoers, to rediscover the faith and mystery.

•

There is a Lutheran church called "Reconciliation" smack on the boundary between East and West Berlin. Its parishioners are from both sides, mostly West Berliners, though the pastor lives on the Communist side. They mingle freely in all church activities, including the trombone choir, which on this Easter Sunday will spread brassy jubilation from the spire, aiming its sound first East, then West. In the East Berlin churchyard hangs this message, lettered for Easter by young parishioners: "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God" (I Cor. 1:18).

What seems foolishness to a secular mind can be the greatest wisdom and joy to the soul that confronts its own guilty and anxious nature. To all who believe in Him, the risen Jesus Christ, proving God's love for man, is the only perfect answer to the intellectual question of man's destiny and predicament. He is also the answer to the sorrowful or baffled or even desperate individual, whose anxiety may be ineradicable, but whose sins are forgiven, and whose humanity is vindicated forever.



Any season... any weather...
Soup 'n crackers go together!



WHAT A WELCOME... HOT BUTTERED SOUP AND CRACKERS! Make it the soup glowing with the red, red Campbell Tomato... picked vine-ripe, gently simmered, seasoned just so. And in every steaming mug or bowl, drop a square of butter to melt and spread its gold. On the side - fresh crackers, crisp and crunchy. M'm! Good - when the soup is America's favorite - Campbell's Tomato Soup. Make a pleasure of the healthy habit...

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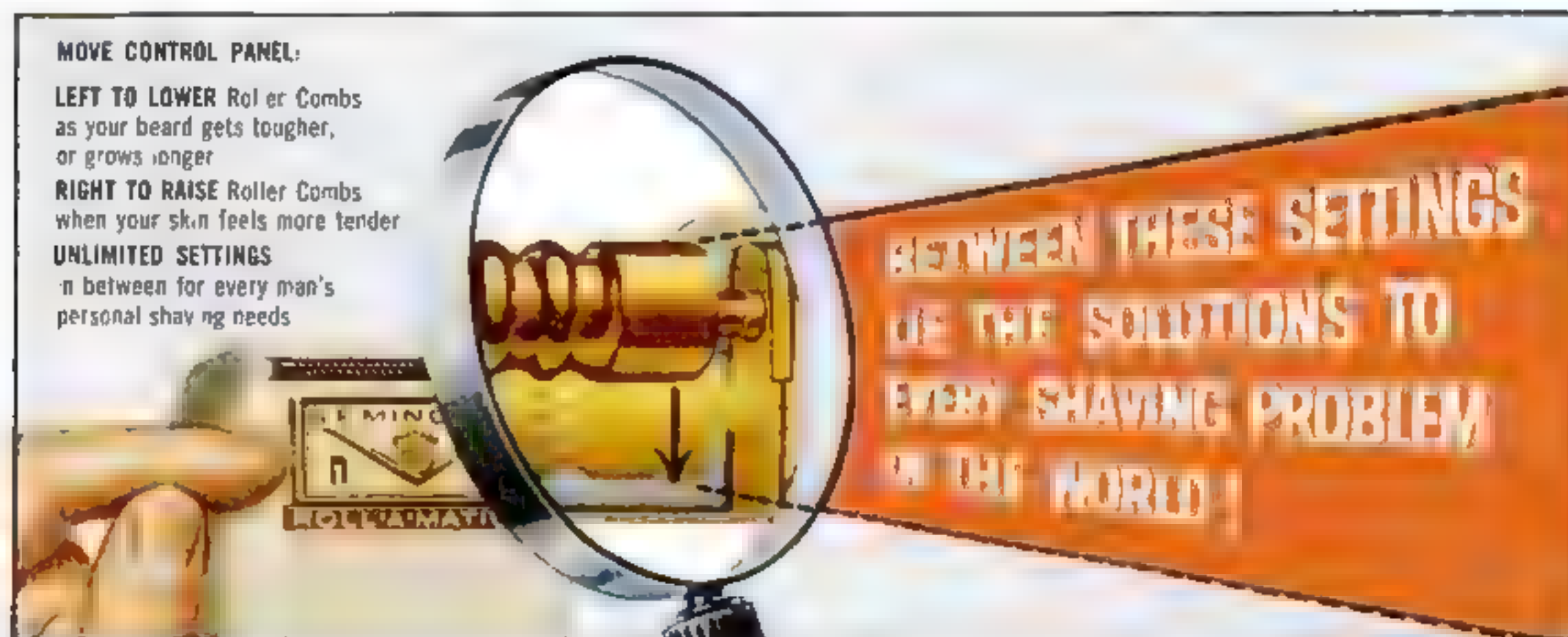
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FOR BEAUTY THE MODERN WAY

Dorothy Gray



EXPLAINING ARGUS. Christofilos shows how magnetic field encompasses the earth (center). When nuclear bomb is detonated (symbol at lower right) some of

its radiation is trapped and travels along lines of magnetic force to point at opposite end of line. Then it spreads around the earth in a thin shell of electrons.

TRIUMPH IN SPACE FOR A 'CRAZY GREEK'

Theory of Boston-born maverick scientist led to sensational Project Argus

by WILLIAM TROMBLEY, *LIFE's San Francisco Correspondent*

LAST week a stocky, black-haired and ram-bunctious man discussed, with delighted shouts, a recent scientific experiment in which he had played a major role. Arms flailing, eyes flashing, Nicholas Constantine Christofilos announced in a tone that brooked no argument: "This was the most fantastic experiment ever conducted by man!"

The speaker, who has irreverently been called "that crazy Greek," is trained as an engineer but self-taught as a nuclear physicist. After years of posting his supposed letters with his unconventional theories, he had suddenly emerged into prominence as the idea man behind Project Argus which, when made public last week, provided the scientific sensation of the year.

A dozen years ago the only subject on which Christofilos could qualify as an expert was the installation of elevators. As recently as 1953, when he decided to return to the U.S. after having spent virtually his entire life in Greece, he had never held a scientific job. At that time a right-thinking physicist would certainly have rated him among the world's most unlikely candidates for scientific distinction.

To day no one would deny Christofilos' importance. It is now known that one of his theories sparked the long-secret Project Argus in which the Navy last fall rocketed three nuclear

bombs into space and encased the earth with thin layers of electrons.

This important project was, as it turned out, an offshoot of what Christofilos thought was his main work, which has nothing to do with space. He was working on a device called Astron (next page) by which he hoped to harness electrons in an ingenious new way to fulfill the physicists' dream of creating usable power from controlled thermonuclear reactions—so-called "H-bomb power."

Christofilos bases this design on a complicated principle which, stated most simply, is this: fast-moving electrons can be trapped and "bottled up" within a powerful magnetic field and there put to use. In passing, it occurred to Christofilos that since the earth itself is surrounded by a powerful magnetic field, electrons released in space by man would be trapped there.

Actually, such a phenomenon does take place in nature: the earth's magnetic field can and does hold electrons emitted by the sun. When they hit the earth's atmosphere, they create the familiar auroras which are beautiful to look at but are accompanied by severe disruption of radio communications and power transmission.

Could man duplicate the conditions that cause the aurora? If so, strange new effects could be wrought which would bring new



ARGUS TAKE-OFF—ROCKET IS LAUNCHED FROM SHIP WITH ONE OF THREE WARHEADS USED —>

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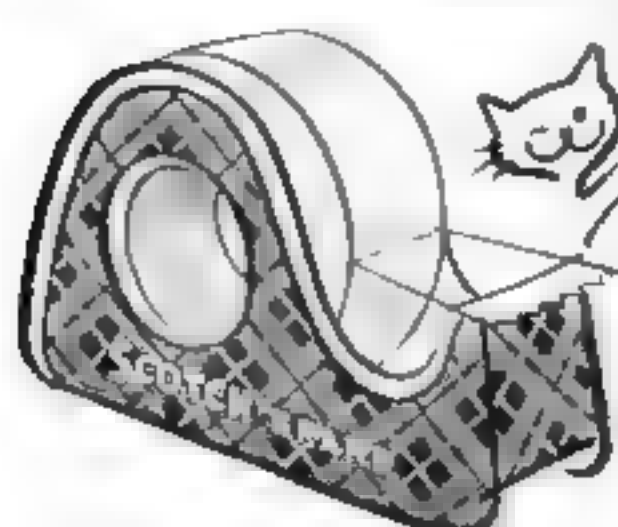
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PIANO AMATEUR. Christofilos plays one of his own compositions. Usually he plays the classics. But whatever piece he plays, he usually plays loudly.

SPACE TRIUMPH CONTINUED

scientific knowledge. Might they also disrupt communications—say, of an enemy in wartime?

Christofilos' theory raised these questions. Late last summer a great U.S. military and scientific team set out to answer them. When the nuclear bombs of Project Argus were exploded in space over the south Atlantic, they produced a mass of high-speed electrons. These spread out along the lines of force of the earth's magnetic field and remained briefly trapped above the earth, exactly as Christofilos had predicted.

Although many of the findings which resulted from the test are still classified by the Pentagon, scientists can estimate fairly accurately the effects that could be caused by an electron shell such as Argus presumably created. It would almost certainly disrupt many kinds of radio transmission, possibly interfere with radar and create auroras and magnetic disturbances which could damage electrical wiring systems in their vicinity. These could affect national defense. By exploding A-bombs hundreds of miles up, a country might effectively confuse an enemy's early warning radar, radio communications and antimissile systems.

As interesting to laymen as the technical results is the fact that they resulted from a challenge offered by a maverick of science. Christofilos is a Bostonian who was taken to Greece as a child and spent most of his life there. He still talks English with a fairly heavy accent. He has had no formal training in nuclear physics, although he has the equivalent of a master's degree in electrical engineering from the National Technical University of Athens. In the early days of the atomic era when other scientists were working on chain reactions, Christofilos was working for an elevator company in Athens.

A wartime hobby

DURING the war and the German occupation the elevator business disappeared and Christofilos, working as a supervisor for a truck repair depot, suddenly had a lot of spare time. He began to study atomic physics. "I had some thoughts particularly on how to build atom-smashers," he says. "There were many German books on the subject, so I got them and read them on the job."

By 1948 he had worked out an original theory about how to build them. With characteristic brashness, he shot off a letter from Greece to the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California. The Berkeley scientists promptly wrote back that the idea was "unworkable." Christofilos admits now that they were right: "My calculations were crude. There were things I didn't know."

But he set about finding out, and in 1950 he wrote to California again. In his second letter he outlined an idea which everybody now agrees was of great importance: the so-called "strong-focusing" principle which makes it possible to obtain tremendous energy in relatively small atom-smashers. At first, nobody at the university seemed interested in Christofilos' proposal. In some quarters he was viewed as a harmless crank. He was apparently a bit clumsy in his presentation of the theory, and some scientists now claim that the phrasing of his letter made it hard for them to understand what he was driving at.



THE ASTRON (background) engages Christofilos (left) and associate. Device will attempt to convert thermonuclear reactions into cheap electrical power.

Nevertheless the physicists got around to answering his second letter. They suggested that Christofilos read a standard text, to clear up certain mathematical shortcomings. He read it, made some slight corrections—and forthrightly set sail for the U.S.

He arrived in this country in early 1953 and headed for the New York Public Library. "I wanted to get hold of some physics publications and see what had been done recently," he explains. "The first one I read had an article on the Brookhaven Laboratory's development of the strong-focusing principle. So you see, on the first day I came back to my country, I found that my theories were okay."

With characteristic self-confidence he set out on a bold journey around the country to acquaint top scientists with his thinking on nuclear matters. His first stop was at the Brookhaven lab on Long Island, where he calmly disclosed that he had thought of strong-focusing before Brookhaven had. Then he went to the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington and laid before it his own unique proposal for controlling thermonuclear reactions by using high energy electrons trapped in a magnetic field—his ASTRON idea. The AEC was sufficiently impressed to suggest that Christofilos talk over his ideas with the scientists at Berkeley.

Meanwhile the Berkeley scientists had read about Brookhaven's strong-focusing discoveries and had remembered those early letters from "the crazy Greek." They decided it would be a good idea to get in touch with him, and a letter was actually on its way to Greece when Christofilos suddenly popped up in person.

Berkeley scientists were interested in Astron but decided the idea needed more work. So Christofilos went back to Brookhaven. He was hired to work primarily on strong-focusing but he also continued his work on Astron. The results were so impressive that in 1956 Christofilos was at last brought to Berkeley's radiation laboratory and invited to prepare a long-range Astron program.

After two years' work Christofilos now has "some of the hardware" on Astron, a wonderful Rube Goldberg-like contraption which eventually will monopolize a seven-story building. But he is still at least five years from finding out whether Astron will really work.

Christofilos first brought up the idea which led to Project Argus in 1957. He discussed it with Herbert York, then head of the University of California's Livermore Lab and now Director of Research and Engineering for the Department of Defense. At York's urging he wrote a paper about the plan. This paper, read only by security-cleared AEC scientists, met with immediate interest and approval, and Project Argus was underway by early 1958.

Christofilos is now considered an original thinker of considerable importance who has—in the words of the great thermonuclear expert Edward Teller—"gone very far, essentially on his own." It may even be that his lack of training gives him an advantage. "Very often the untrained people are more original in their thinking than the trained ones," says Edwin McMillan, director of the California Radiation Lab. "Of course they tend to go around inventing things that have already been invented. But Nick doesn't do that. He seems always to be first." Christofilos himself says: "If you know everything beforehand, including all the difficulties, sometimes you are scared to go on. If you don't, sometimes you are able to do more."

CONTINUED

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SPACE TRIUMPH CONTINUED

Despite their acceptance of Christofilos, his colleagues must sometimes be pained by his resolutely unscientific behavior. In the domain of the scholarly team-player, Christofilos is a tough, noisy, argumentative lone wolf, furiously active, ramming through life like a bulldozer, his mind always groping into new areas. The violence of his approach is probably a major reason why he works alone. The average scientist is accustomed to quiet discussions around a blackboard. A single session with Christofilos, who generally conducts a discussion with his forefinger jabbing his opponent's breastbone, is enough to set any colleague's nerves jangling.

Christofilos loves to drive an automobile, but he has trouble thinking and driving at the same time. Since he never stops thinking, a ride with him can be a breathtaking adventure. He stops at green lights, races through red ones, weaves from lane to lane, talking, gesticulating, shouting. His hobby is playing the piano. He pounds away fiercely—usually Bach, Chopin or Beethoven. A colleague who sat through one Christofilos music session reported afterward, "I couldn't tell you what he played, but I can tell you they were all very loud."

As for Christofilos' future, many scientists are dubious about his Astron project, but nobody doubts that it is well worth the time and money (almost \$2 million so far) spent on it. Christofilos himself has the utmost faith in it. The program was a little slow in getting approval. "But that was because my mathematics and physics were not good when I proposed Astron," Christofilos says. "Now people have more confidence in me. These past few months have been one of the very best times of my life. I think that within five years Astron will prove to be a feasible way of controlling thermonuclear reactions. That," he says in rare understatement, "will be very exciting."

POSSIBLE APPLICATION of Argus experiment is shown left. Tracings made by iron filings show pattern of magnetic field surrounding earth. Solid line indicates line of magnetic force whose opposite ends lie over Indian Ocean and over Moscow. According to some scientists, nuclear explosion set off in Indian Ocean might create an artificial aurora and a severe magnetic disturbance over Moscow area which could knock out many of its electrical and communications circuits.

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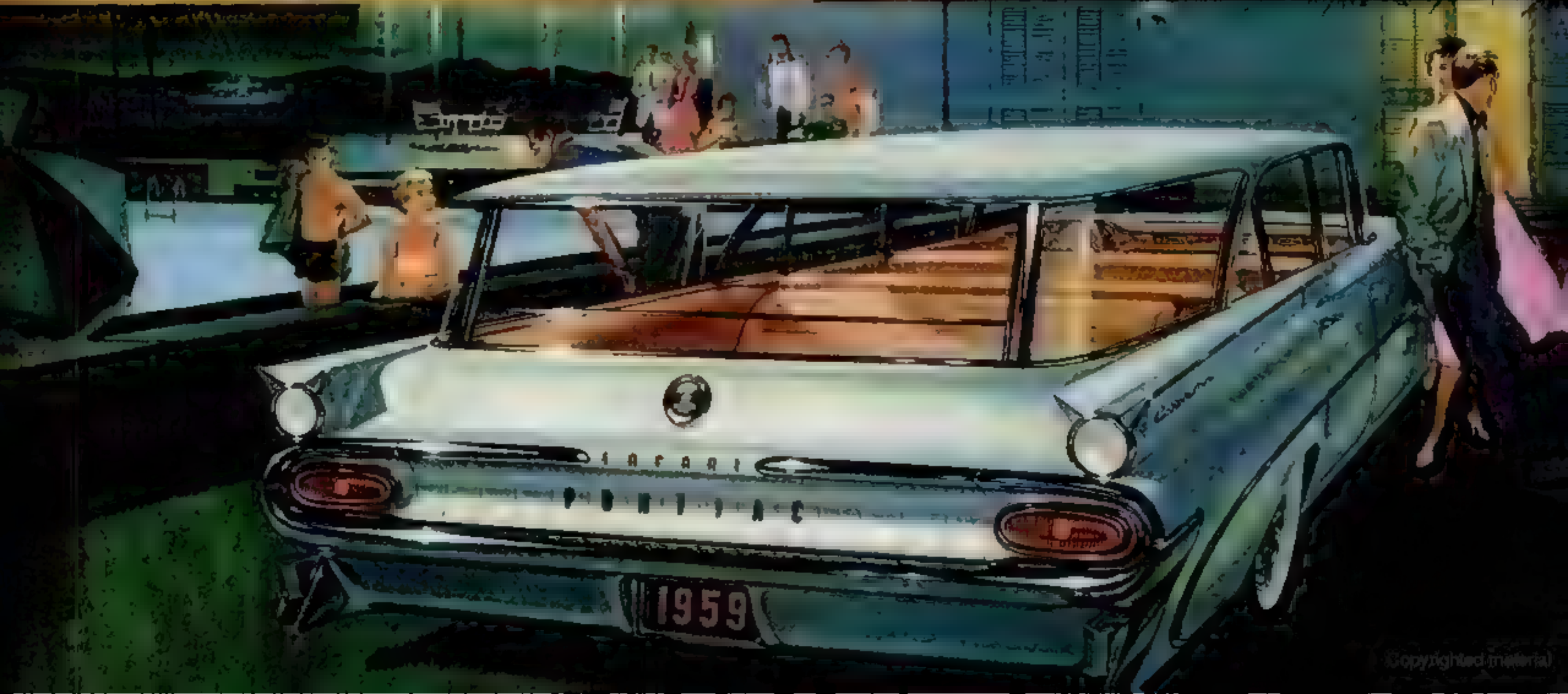
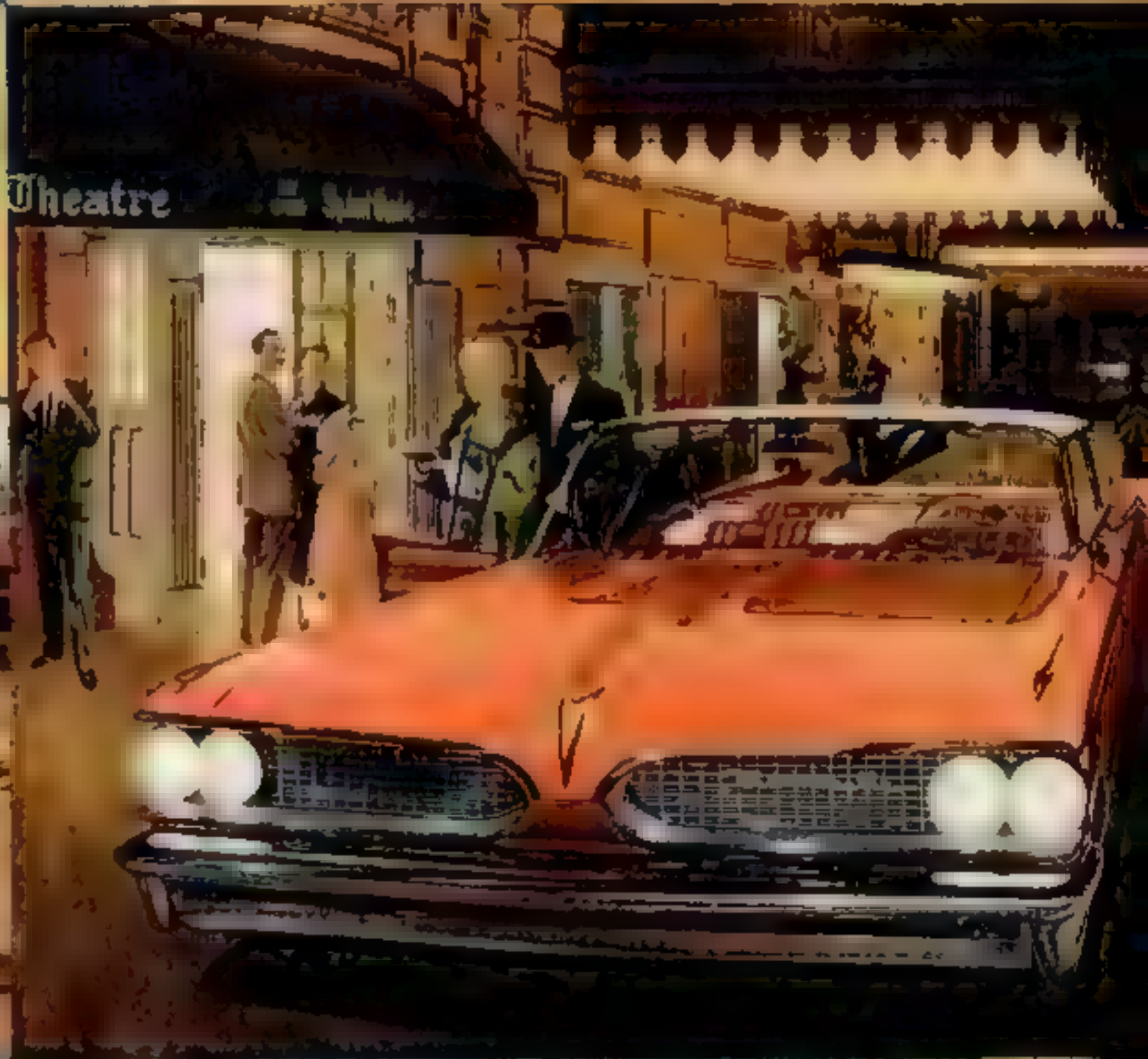
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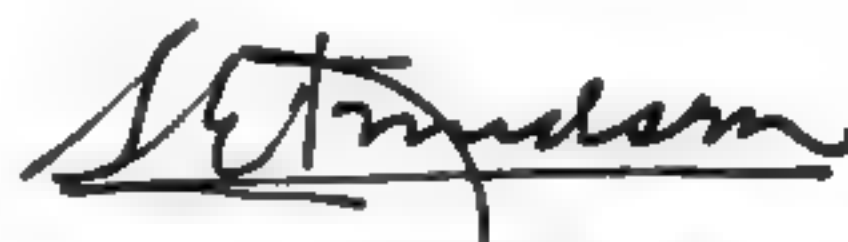


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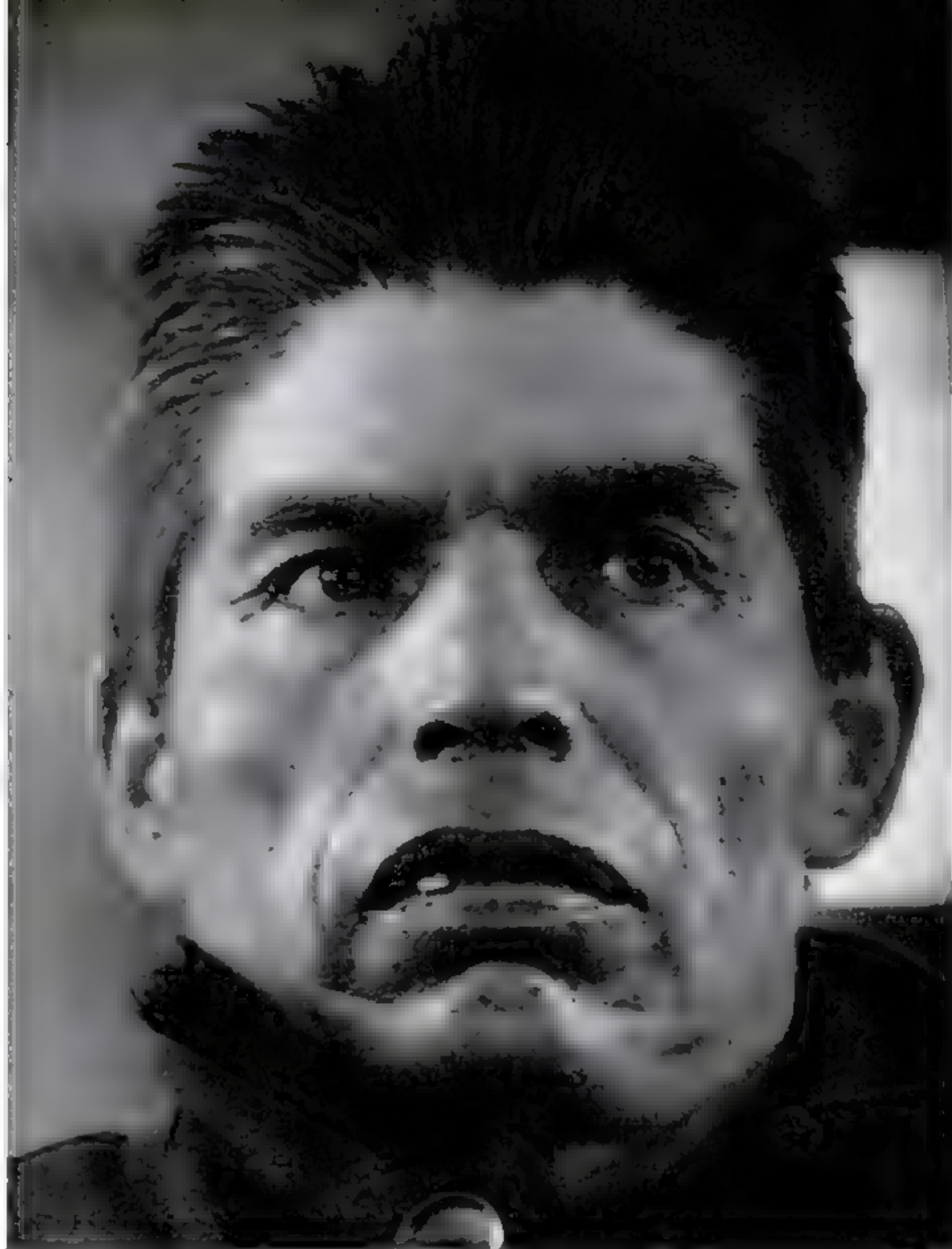
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AT COUNCIL HOUSE, built almost a century ago, self-styled Indian police stand guard against attack.

INTRANSIGENT IROQUOIS, Aldridge Bill, was a firebrand who urged the rebels on. He is on relief.



AN IROQUOIS WAR ON WHITE MAN'S LAW

For a week an angry band of Indian warriors in Ohsweken, Ont. tried to reverse history and throw over the white man's law. Led by hereditary chiefs, Iroquois braves of the Six Nations tribes stormed the council house, proclaimed their reservation an independent nation and dispatched wires to U.S., British and Canadian

heads of state demanding a peace conference.

The Indians had long been seething under a Canadian law which had deposed the chiefs and set up a democratically elected council. A series of grievances, including complaints about handling of a hospitalization plan, brought on the present uprising. While the rebels held the

council house, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police stood by, keeping order. But when one chief said Canada's citizenship minister could "go jump in a lake," they went into action, threw the rebels out of the council house, arrested four of them. The rest retreated, vowing to return with "reinforcements from the U.S."

WAR DANCE is performed in council house during rebel occupation by Eugene Skye (left) and Aldridge Bill while Chief Joe Logan Jr. beats drum into microphone.



WHITE MAN'S COUNTERATTACK comes as Mounties drive rebels from council house. Summonses were issued charging braves with impersonating police.



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FIGHTING DESPERATELY TO HOLD THEIR RAMSHACKLE WOODEN FORT, CATHERINE THE GREAT'S TROOPS FIRE POINTBLANK WHILE

VIOLENT SPECTACLE IN

'The Tempest' tells a stirring story of a tough Cossack's rebellion against the rule of

In the days of Catherine the Great, 200 years ago a Don Cossack named Emelian Ivanovich Pugachev, who called himself Czar Peter III, inflamed the wild Cossacks living along the river Volga and led them in a bloody war against the army of Imperial Russia. They managed to kill many of the little boys and the Russians scattered over the steppes, and the

officers they captured and cruelly tortured their wives. With each small victory they grew stronger and tens of thousands rode under their banner and they could invest large cities and burn many towns in battle.

Before Catherine defeated them, a regiment of Tartars and Cossacks led by a Cossack killed 100,000 of the rebels.

Pugachev's wild rebellion was the last led by the great Alexander Pushkin.

New York Delacorte has published a new edition of the novel, *The Captain's Daughter*, with the assistance of the Russian army. It is a novel based on the story of Pugachev's rebellion. *The Captain's Daughter* is a

Photographed by GJON MILI



PUGACHOV'S MEN BATTER OPEN GATES

BATTLE

Russia's Catherine the Great

called *The Tempest* and is being released in the U.S. by Paramount. It is an expensively reconstructed picture of provincial Russia in the 18th Century—rude and brutal. The great bearded elemental figure of Pugachov is superbly played by Van Heflin and the spectacle of furious battles and full tilt charges by the horsemen make one watch for anybody,



VENGEANCE AFTER BATTLE—Pugachov's victorious troops hang the loyal officers. Moaning in grief, the wife of the fortress commander (Agnes

Moorehead) embraces the legs of her husband hanging under the gallows before a Cossack rebel splits open her head with one blow of his heavy sword

CONTINUED



CROSSING A RIVER in practice scene, Yugoslav soldiers test footing. It was summer and they took off their heavy uniforms while making the rehearsal.

The cavalry's dry run in water





and headlong charge on land

RIDING AT GALLOP in flowing robes of Russian cavalrymen, soldiers playing the part of loyal troops charge Pugachov's men across rolling countryside.





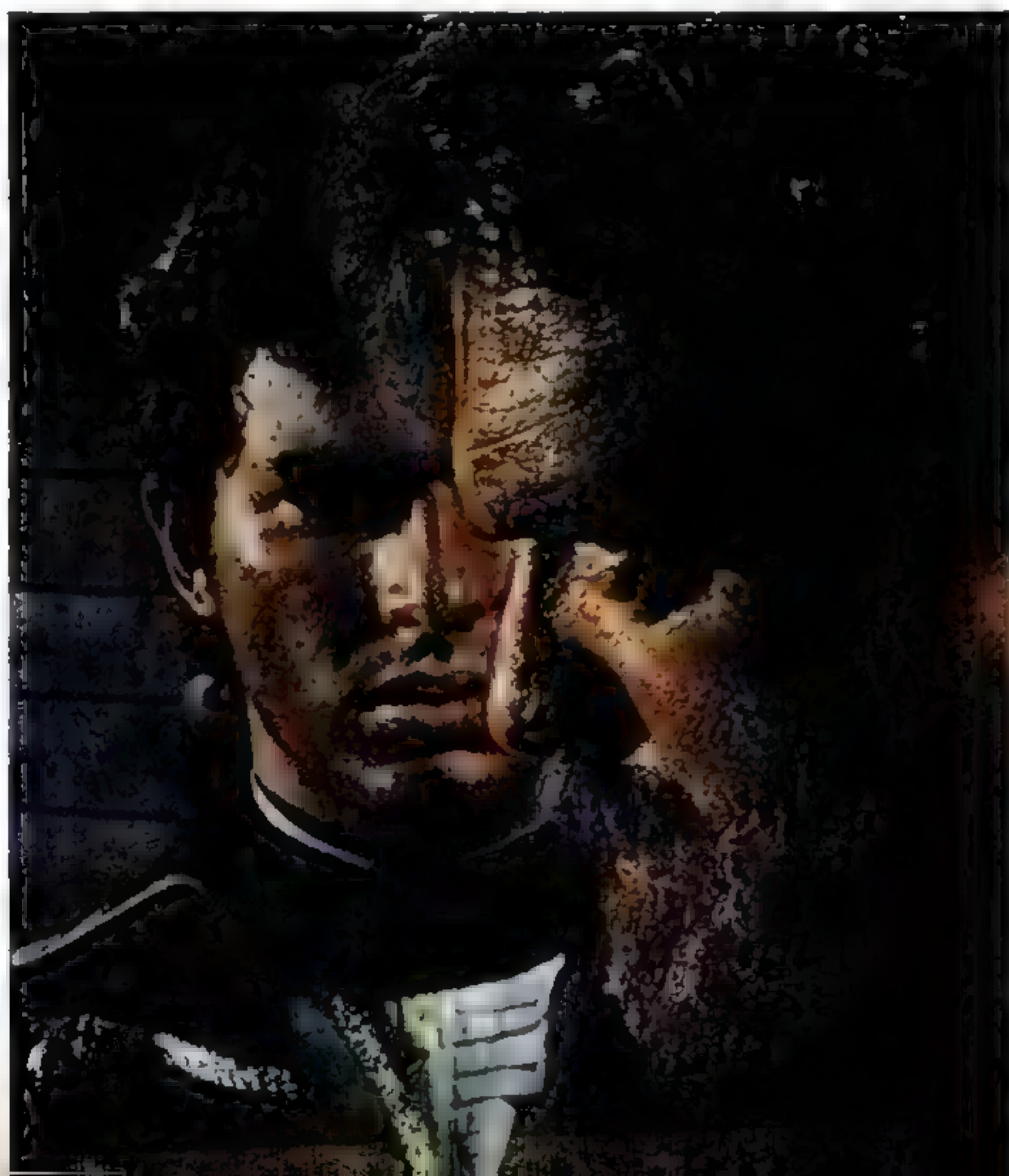
THE LOVERS Empress Catherine (Julianne Moore) and Alexey, the great son—play's daughter (Sofia Marzano), dream away a respite during the fighting.

ANGERED REBEL Fiedor Pugachov (Vladimir Filin) stares at Empress Catherine who has refused to switch sides and fight against Empress Catherine.

Harsh enemies, gentle love

The core of the movie is the violent paganism of battle between the imperious Catherine (top) and the hypocrite pretender Pugachov, Catherine, then halfway through her brilliant reign and at the peak of her tremendous physical charm and intellectual power, at the start scorned the threat but later reacted with ever-mounting fury. In October 1773 she offered 500 rubles for Pugachov, alive or dead. At the end of November the price rose to 20,000 rubles. But it was not until the following summer, after she had lost all her forces along the Volga and Ural rivers, that the two armies too tired finally brought the war down.

Unfortunately *The Tempest* also tells a slow and tiresome love story about an aristocrat's son and a peasant commander's daughter. It is not the actors' fault. The sad fact is that in writing *The Captain's Daughter* Pushkin played the pioneer. He took the rich, grand old of historical drama that Tolstoy would later plant with the fat potatoes of *War and Peace*. Pushkin himself mostly painted poor courts.



THE EMPRESS Catherine the Great's play by Alexey Pushkin as a telling parallel to actual wars and aspirations of a ruler's rule.



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IN ONE-ROOM APARTMENT NEAR BOWERY, HARRY SCHWEITZER STUDIES QUOTATIONS ON HIS STOCK HOLDINGS WHICH LED TO HIS INDICTMENT FOR LARCENY

THE PERILS OF BEING TOO THRIFTY

Old man on relief saved pennies, played the market, earned \$23,000—and woe

by ROBERT WALLACE, *LIFE Staff Writer*

WHEN the men from the district attorney's office came knocking on his door, old Harry Schweitzer had a vague notion of what they wanted. But he had never supposed that the little misunderstanding, the difference of opinion, would look quite so nasty as it did when boiled down to its substance: indictments against him for grand larceny, for five counts of petty larceny and five violations of the welfare laws.

"A criminal?" he said, pronouncing the word as though it burned his tongue. "I am a criminal?" he repeated, his ears reddening, seeming to hear echelons of his rectitudinous Polish peasant ancestors gasping in their graves. "Aigh!"

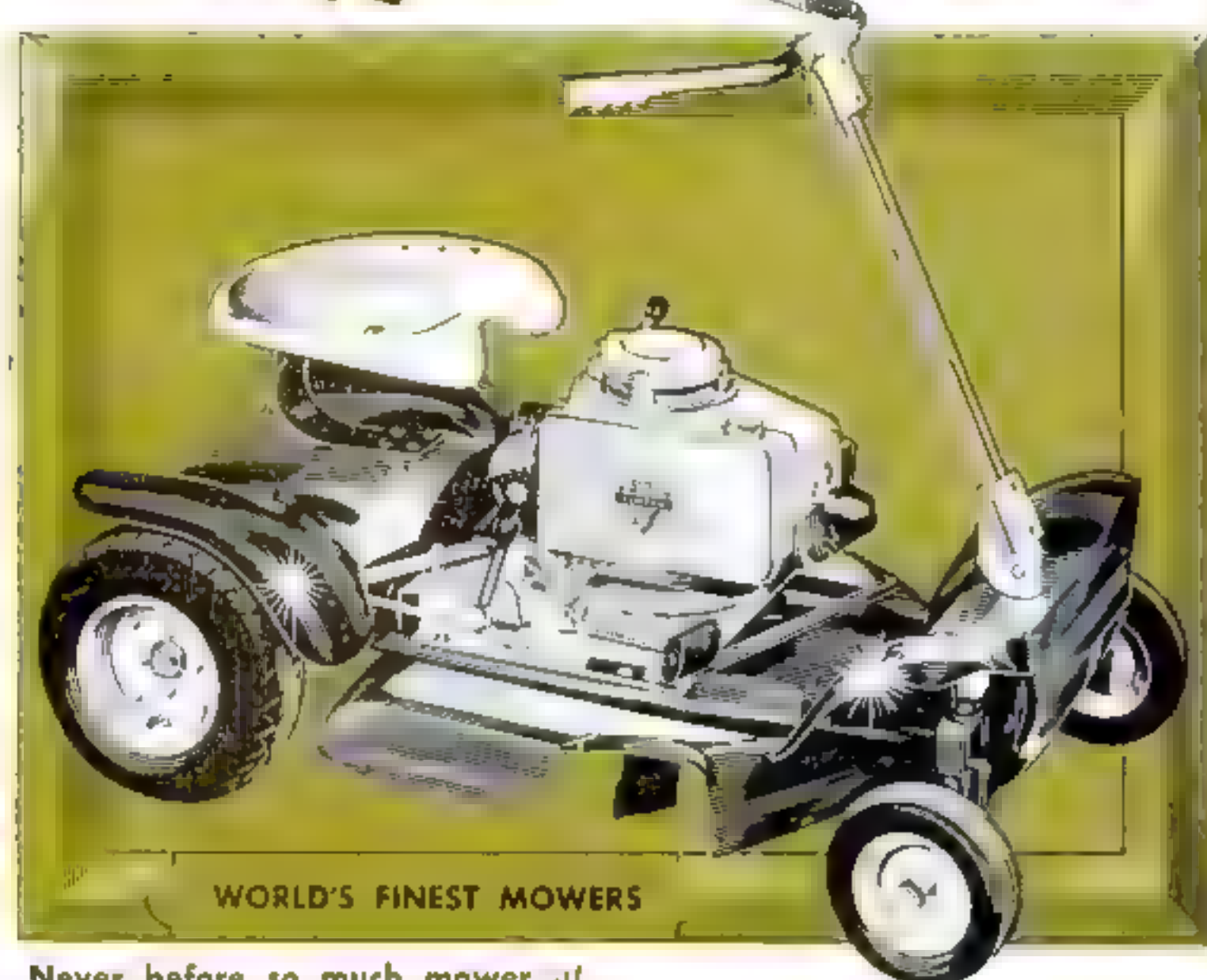
After Mr. Schweitzer's arrest on Jan. 8, the people of New York City, particularly in the Wall Street section, had considerable sport talking about him. He was a solitary, 73-year-old bachelor who had lived many years in the slums adjacent to the Bowery. For the past 20 years he had been receiving relief checks from the Department of Welfare in the amount of \$71 a month. Not only had he managed to live on that sum, which some businessmen spend in a week for lunch checks, but he

had saved money, invested in the stock market and accumulated about \$23,000. For this the district attorney was demanding that he be jailed.

"Aigh!" said Mr. Schweitzer. "A criminal? I have been turning the wheels of industry, building a more prosperous America. But take my money. Put me in jail. I will write a book. Many great books have been written in jail." And with that Mr. Schweitzer rolled a cigaret, lit it and lapsed into silence. It would be unfair to say that Mr. Schweitzer is actually parsimonious, but the truth is that when he lights a cigaret he feels it is wasteful to talk until he has smoked it to the last ash in his seared cigaret holder.

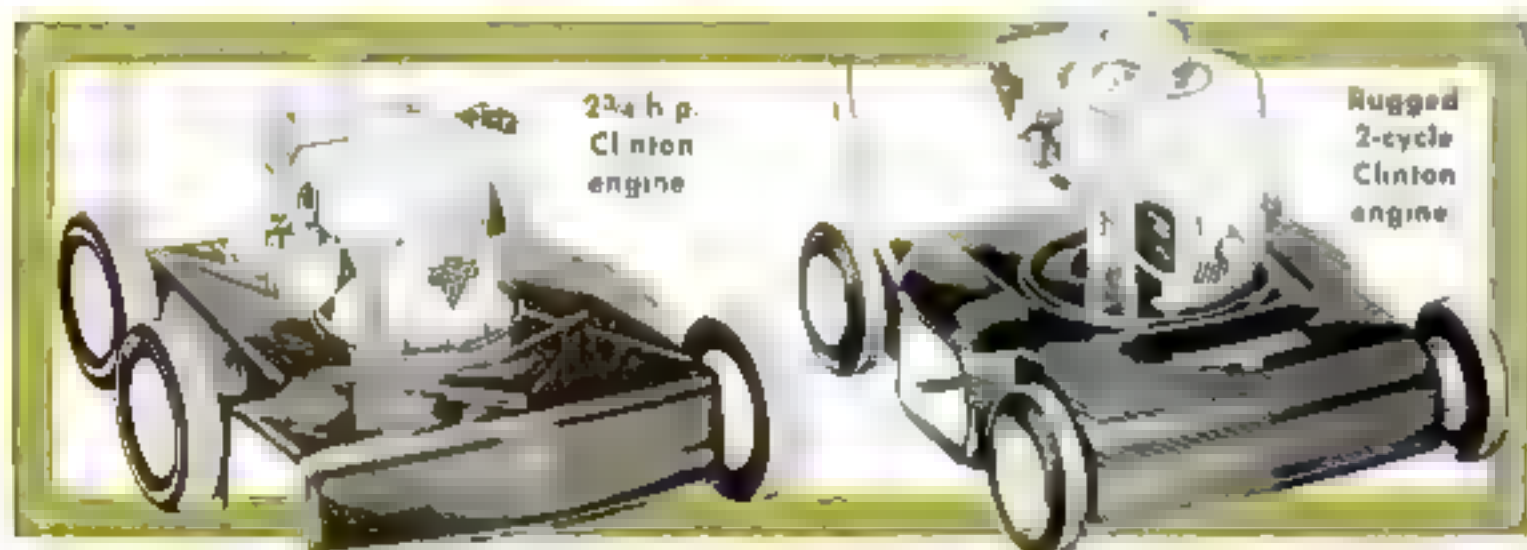
As he smoked, an expression of infinite sadness came into Mr. Schweitzer's eyes. It was easy to imagine what he was thinking about, for he had been brooding upon the same subject for days. After his arrest he had been obliged to turn over all his stocks to the Department of Welfare so that the department could sell them and reclaim all the money it had paid him over the years, a matter of some \$14,000 since 1938. This seemed fair enough to Mr. Schweitzer. After the department got its

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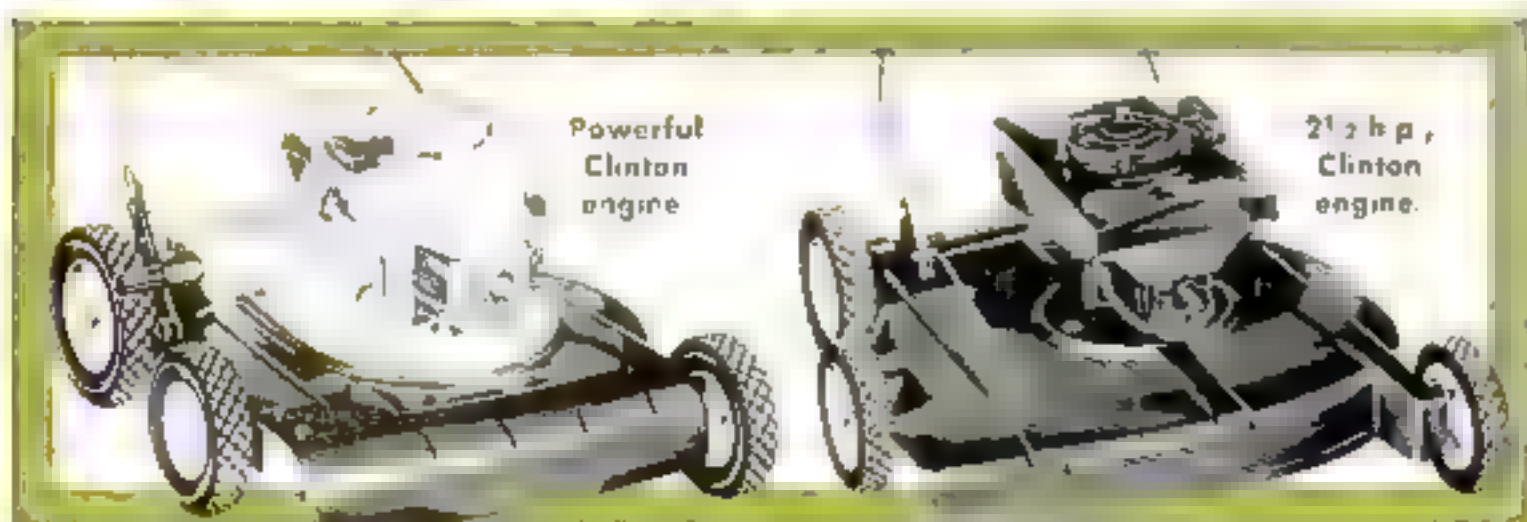
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HERMIT'S CAVE for Schweitzer is his \$38-a-month room where he eats, sleeps, reads and listens to records. He almost never leaves it except to shop.

THRIFT'S PERILS CONTINUED

money, he would still have about \$9,000 left, which at his annual budget of \$800 would last him until he was 84. But as he saw it, the department had foolishly and hastily sold all his stocks in a rising market, without analysis, without the shrewd sense of timing that Mr. Schweitzer himself might have employed. Aigh! Two months after the incontinent sale Mr. Schweitzer's stocks would have been worth an additional \$1,000. It was enough to break a man's heart. What did the department expect him to do? Die at 84?

At first glance Mr. Schweitzer seems a hackneyed figure in the news, along with the abandoned dog that unerringly finds its way from Seattle to the family's new home in Oswego, and the sick child for whom Christmas is celebrated in August because he will not live until December. All penurious old hermits are expected to be wealthy, the only point of interest being how much money is in the mattress. But there is much more to Mr. Schweitzer than that. He is not just a smart stock-market analyst; he is an extraordinarily thrifty man. In his own somewhat eccentric way, he answers a question that sometimes occurs to everyone in this economically perilous age: exactly what would happen if I lost my shirt and had to live on as little as \$71 a month? Could I, and would life be worth living?

Mr. Schweitzer is not a simple man. He is both shy and shrewd, gentle and crafty, a recluse who longs for human company. He lives in one cluttered room on the 17th floor of a slum-clearance project in lower Manhattan. No one ever knocks on Mr. Schweitzer's door although he is always at home. In his closet he has two neat Sunday suits in the double-breasted, chalk-striped style of 1930, which he bought second-hand in 1935 for \$25, the most recent major additions to his wardrobe. He keeps them covered with dustcloths so that they will be spotless in case anyone ever asks him to go somewhere. "And see, I have good shoes, too," he says with an elfin grin, opening a shoe box to disclose a slightly worn, treasured pair. "And clean shirts and a coat and a hat. When I am asked out, I can go like a gentleman." But for several years Mr. Schweitzer has had no invitations from anyone except, of course, the district attorney.

Mr. Schweitzer saves balls of old string and bits of wire, which he keeps in boxes sensibly labeled "String" and "Wire" against the day when he may have to tie something up or repair a lamp. The most arresting feature of his room is a large bookcase. It contains about 300 volumes, all of which Mr. Schweitzer has bought secondhand during the past 30 years, and all of which he has read several times. Books are one of his two great joys. "You could give me a dime a day to live on and I wouldn't complain," he says, "but if you made me live with mean or ignorant people, or without a book, I would kill myself." The second notable feature of Mr. Schweitzer's room is his collection of phonograph records, numbering some 200. Almost all of

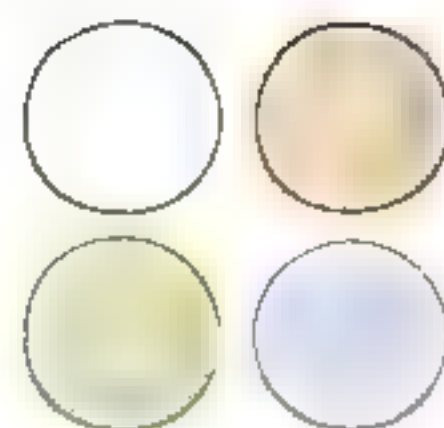
CONTINUED ON PAGE 53



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soft as me
That's how soft
softness can be

Softness is Northern

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Nothing else
is soft enough*



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From the topmost shingle on your roof to the farthest square foot of asphalt coating in your driveway, products from Flintkote work to bring you better living. And that's true whether you're buying a new home or improving your present one.

The list of names in the Flintkote family of companies is a roll call of quality in building materials: the name Flintkote itself for roofing, siding, and insulating materials; Tile-Tex for flooring; Atlas Adhesives; Kosmos Portland Cement; U. S. Miracle Lime Products; Insulrock Building Slabs; Van-Packer Chimneys; Orangeburg Fibre and Plastic Pipe. The metal, the glass, and the framing in your home may not come from Flintkote—but almost everything else could!

That's why the man who has building or home improving on his mind will do well to think of Flintkote. Making so many products gives Flintkote an unequalled opportunity to make sure that they "go together"—in style, in design, in function. Taking advantage of this opportunity is the daily task of Flintkote's product designers. Their work is done at the Flintkote Research Center, in Whippany, N. J., where the improvement of present building materials and the development of new ones is a continuing project.

Flintkote materials, most of them, will last as long as your home, and ask little care for the decades of service they give. You'll find the names of the dealers who sell Flintkote products in the yellow pages of your phone book. Their insistence on first-rate products is a good indication that they'll give you first-rate service. Remember the name: Flintkote—the name to keep in mind if you want to make your living better.

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*America's Broadest Line
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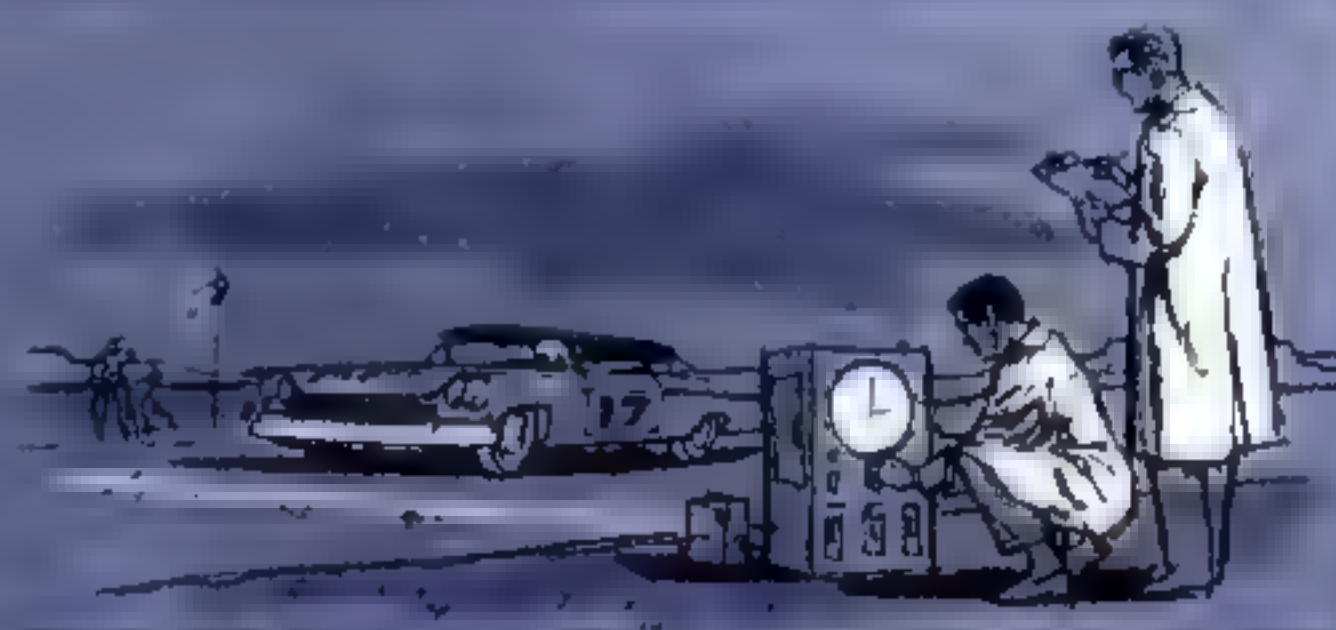
U.S. ROYAL PRESENTS

THE LOW-PROFILE TIRE



SAFE AT SPEEDS FAR HIGHER THAN YOU'LL EVER DRIVE YOUR CAR

5 miles per hour can measurably increase your chances of sudden tire failure. Racing-speed tests prove the Low-Profile Tire 5 times more resistant to high-speed failure than ordinary tires.



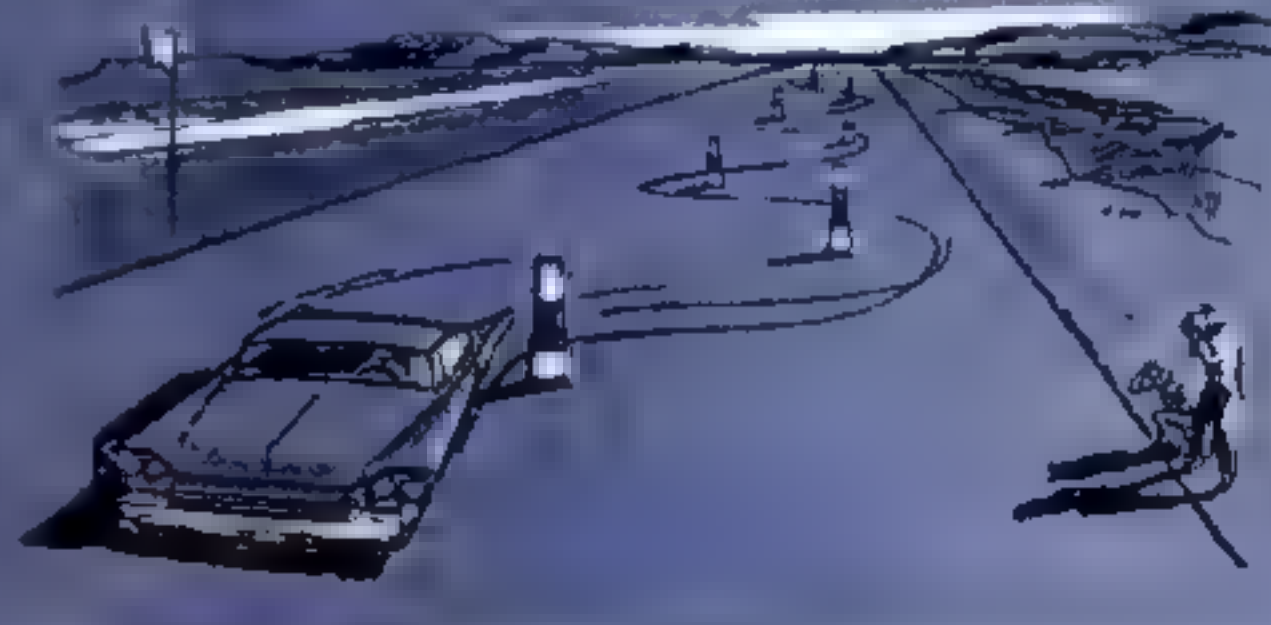
SAFE AT SUSTAINED THROTTLE SPEED FAR LONGER THAN YOU'LL EVER DRIVE WITHOUT LET-UP.

Each mile you drive without stopping intensifies the stress and strain that can make tires fail. The Low-Profile Tire, in nonstop testing at super-highway speeds, was going strong thousands of miles after all other tires failed.



SAFE FROM EXCESSIVE TIRE HEAT THAT MAKES CONVENTIONAL TIRES FAIL AND BLOW OUT.

Under strain of continuous speeds, tire temperatures too often rise to the point where sudden failure occurs. Under such conditions, the Low-Profile Tire runs as much as 33° cooler, keeping you below the danger point.



SAFE IN STEERING EMERGENCIES FAR GREATER THAN YOU'D EVER WANT TO FACE.

In today's rapid, fender-to-fender driving a fraction of a second's lag in steering response can imperil car and passengers. Tests show the Low-Profile Tire gives faster steering response... helps you maneuver your car safer.

U.S. ROYAL  TIRES

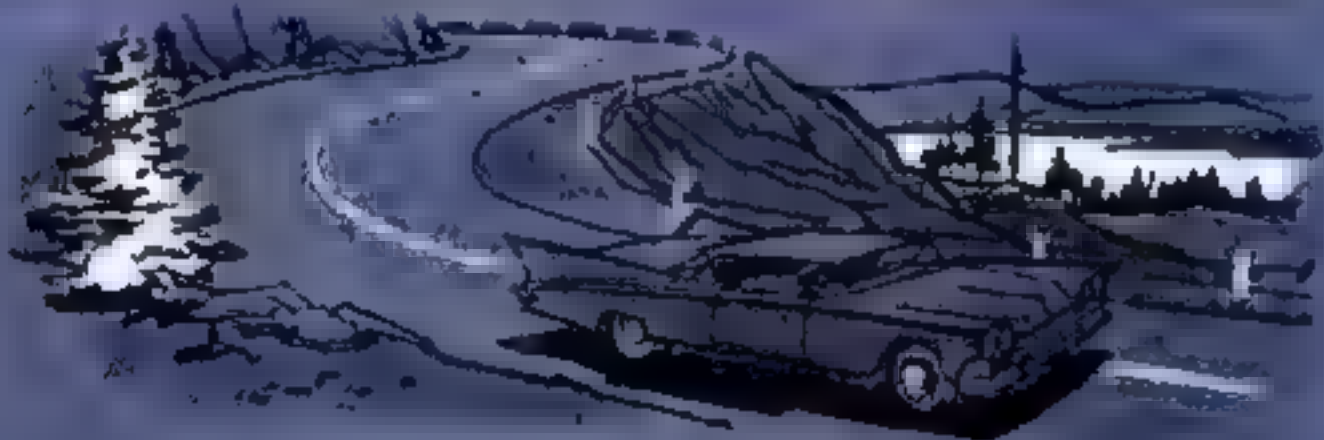
ALL U.S. ROYAL TIRES ARE SAFETY-FIRST TIRES



WHAT IS LOW-PROFILE? Today's super-powered cars and super-highway driving have created conditions for which conventional tires were simply not designed. To meet—and exceed—

these conditions, U.S. Royal has engineered the new Low-Profile U.S. Royal Master Tire. As you can see, it is measurably lower and wider. It is also substantially more stable and durable.

In all the world, there is nothing like the Low-Profile Tire—the new U.S. Royal Master—known everywhere as “the safest tire you can put on your car”. To see it for yourself, look for the Safety-First shield at your U.S. Royal Dealer's. Or ask your car dealer, if you're getting a new car.



SAFER CONTROL ON CURVES AND TURNS THAN YOU'VE EVER FELT BEFORE. On a mountain road or hairpin curve, your safety is often a matter of inches. Your tire stability can determine if you stay on line or drift into danger. The Low-Profile Tire, more stable, helps you hold any road more safely.

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THRIFT'S PERILS CONTINUED

them are records of operas. “Music is to me a salvation,” he says. “Music appeases my bitterness, it is to me like a rainbow in my room.”

The room also contains Mr. Schweitzer's bed, his refrigerator and stove, a table and a comfortable chair by the window. This room is his whole world, dusty, crowded and shabby, but his own. He leaves it only to buy food and newspapers, and since neither of these transactions absolutely requires conversation he may live for weeks at a time without speaking a word. High in the air, encapsulated 17 stories above the ground, he is like a passenger in some whimsically constructed satellite that is of the earth but not in it. His contacts with other living creatures have been all but severed, although not through lack of warmth. “Sometimes when I go out in the winter to get food, I find stray cats shivering in the street and I take them up here and I warm them and feed them—and then I take them down and let them go again. I would give my bed to anyone who was cold and needed it.”

Mr. Schweitzer was born in 1886 in Poland, where he became a teacher and later principal at a small school in Warsaw. He came to the U.S. in 1923, hoping to resume his teaching career in this country, but because of his enormous shyness he found the language problem insurmountable. He went to work as a hospital orderly, settled down in a cold-water flat and was soon absorbed into the great, lonely city. He tried to make friends but found his education a handicap. No one wanted to discuss philosophy or literature with him, and in time he gave up hope of finding companionship.

In the mid-1920s Mr. Schweitzer began to take an interest in finance. He had no idea what a stock was, but he quickly fathomed what seemed to be the basic point: you buy it cheap and sell it at a profit. Accordingly he subscribed to the *Financial World* and read it until he had attained a good grasp of Wall Street. Then he began to make small investments which, in the churning, upward-driving market, almost invariably made money. Presently Mr. Schweitzer quit his job and devoted all his time to Wall Street. He would arrive at his broker's office at 9 in the morning and remain until it closed at three, devouring all the financial publications in the customers' room. At first he traded in odd lots of four or five shares, often paying for them in cash, and selling as soon as he had made a profit of \$4 or \$5. Sometimes he would buy a stock in the morning and sell it at noon, perfectly content to make \$1.50 on the deal. By 1929 he had made \$30,000. But unhappily he had pledged the \$30,000, on margin, for stocks worth considerably more than that. On Oct. 29, 1929, the day of the panic, Mr. Schweitzer lost every dollar he had. “Agh! They had a pistol at my head like a robber. Wall Street is a means and a medium of piratism, a terrible place. So I went home and got in bed and stayed there for three days to appease my mind. Then I got up and went looking for a job again.”

The \$71 challenge

BACK in the hospital, pushing brooms and carrying bedpans, Mr. Schweitzer became increasingly withdrawn and lonely. He also became ill, first with tuberculosis and later with mild heart trouble. By 1938 he was too feeble to work and so applied for welfare payments. Thus at 52 he settled down to see how long a man can live on his brains, his thrift and \$71 a month. In this he had some advantages: he dislikes the endless garrulity of women and has never willingly spent a nickel for female companionship. He cares little for liquor: a \$1 quart of wine lasts him two or three weeks. Travel bores him. “Of course I am interested in the world in general,” he says, “but when I feel like traveling I go to the library and read a couple of books.”

Rent has always been Mr. Schweitzer's major regular expense. Today he pays \$38 a month for his single room and bath, which leaves him about \$1.05 a day for food, clothing, entertainment and incidental expenses. “Plenty,” he says. “Anybody should be able to live on \$1.05 a day. Clothing you buy secondhand, a little at a time, when you see a good sale. You can get whatever you need for maybe an average of a nickel a day.”

Food is no problem: “The general rule is, the more expensive the food, the worse it is for you. A man can eat good, nourishing food for 30¢ a day. People who spend more are only hurrying to get bankrupt and dead.” When he cooks, Mr. Schweitzer prepares a half-dozen meals at one time. Frequently he will toss five pounds of potatoes (25¢), a large piece of fish (50¢) and an onion (3¢) into a pot, boil the mixture and eat it hot and cold for two or three days at a cost of about 10¢ a meal. For variety he will keep two or three other boiled pots in his icebox, perhaps containing navy beans mixed with minestrone soup (8¢ a meal) or spaghetti mixed with vegetables (11¢), eating whatever strikes his fancy at the moment.

In his miscellaneous purchases Mr. Schweitzer keeps a very sharp eye on pennies. “Now, you take newspapers. Everybody should read a paper. In New York the morning papers, which are bigger and better,

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THRIFT'S PERILS CONTINUED

cost you a nickel. The evening papers are a dime. Aigh! Who buys an evening paper? Or you take a loaf of bread. Fresh bread costs 25¢ at the supermarket and tastes like cotton. But if you wait two days you can buy the same loaf for 11¢, and besides it gives you something to chew on. You save 14¢, a whole meal. Or cigarets. If you roll your own cigarets they only cost half as much, and it gives you something to do, and you wind up healthier because you don't smoke so much."

Thus from his \$1.05 a day Mr. Schweitzer still has about 50¢ left after his basic requirements have been met. "This gives you money to take care of your intellectual life and to save. You can buy good secondhand books for a quarter or records for 50¢. So maybe you can save a couple of dollars a week."

Putting aside a dollar or two a week for 13 years Mr. Schweitzer was able to accumulate enough money by 1951 to take a second crack at Wall Street. He entered the market at an opportune time with nearly \$1,500. Within five years, maneuvering sharply in and out, he more than quadrupled his money. Then, as he passed his 70th birthday, Mr. Schweitzer began to grow weary of the hectic day-to-day trading. Concluding that the market would trend steadily upward for years, he invested all his money in stocks that he thought would do as well as any, and retired. His last trading was done in 1956, when he bought about \$9,000 worth of such stocks as Jones & Laughlin Steel, Continental Steel, Eastern Stainless Steel and the Hecht Company. Thereafter he simply sat in his room, reading his books and listening to his records, while his holdings steadily increased in value. When the district attorney caught up with him a short time ago, Mr. Schweitzer's stocks had a market value of about \$21,000 and he had, in addition, about \$2,000 in cash and dividend checks.

"A criminal?" asks Mr. Schweitzer in genuine horror. "How can this be? What have I done wrong?"

Although the district attorney has considerable sympathy for Mr. Schweitzer—indeed, he recently pointed out that Mr. Schweitzer's thrift might serve as a stimulating example to those people in Washington—the district attorney has no choice but to prosecute. According to law it is a crime to accept welfare payments if one has any resources on which to live, such as income from stocks. Ironically, thrift itself, if not downright illegal, turns out to be unwise if one wants to go on getting welfare payments. If Mr. Schweitzer had only managed to wind up dead broke each month, instead of setting aside a few dollars, he would have been guiltless as a lamb.

But Mr. Schweitzer's future is not a dark one. If he must go to jail, he will read more books and perhaps write one. Later, at least some of his money will remain for him to live on. And when that is gone, the Department of Welfare will be happy to put him back on the dole once more—as long as he does not start criminally saving money again.



UNDER INDICTMENT for larceny and violation of welfare laws Schweitzer stands before New York Criminal Courts Building where he will soon be tried.



Anglia 2-door sedan, \$1561*, Prefect 4-door sedan, \$1661*

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● **Imagine**—a factory-fresh sedan for \$1561* with terms as low as \$1 a day! That's just the start of your savings with the English Ford Line. You get up to 35 miles per gallon of *regular* gas. The engine holds only *two* quarts of oil. And you will save on insurance, depreciation, tires, service, registration fee.

You see fine British craftsmanship everywhere in these smart cars. And the name *Ford* assures you of a car that's designed to meet the needs of today's American motorist. That's important, because imported economy cars often omit quality features Americans take for granted.

Take a detail like **suspended pedals**. They are more comfortable to work, keep out icy drafts, road dust, water. Yet of all leading economy imports, only the English Ford Line offers this modern and desirable improvement.

Only 150 inches long, the Anglia makes driving fun, parking a picnic. Yet it seats four adults comfortably. And it gives you almost *50% more* luggage space than either of the other two best-selling imports.

Power? — Compared to the other two best selling imports, the Anglia has 36% more net horsepower than one; 20% more than the other.

You get almost *2 square feet more* visibility in English Ford Line cars than the other two leading imports. *Curved* windshield and rear window.

Service everywhere. The English Ford Line uses U.S. size nuts, bolts, and other fittings. Tools in

any service station will fit. Most imports require special metric-size tools.

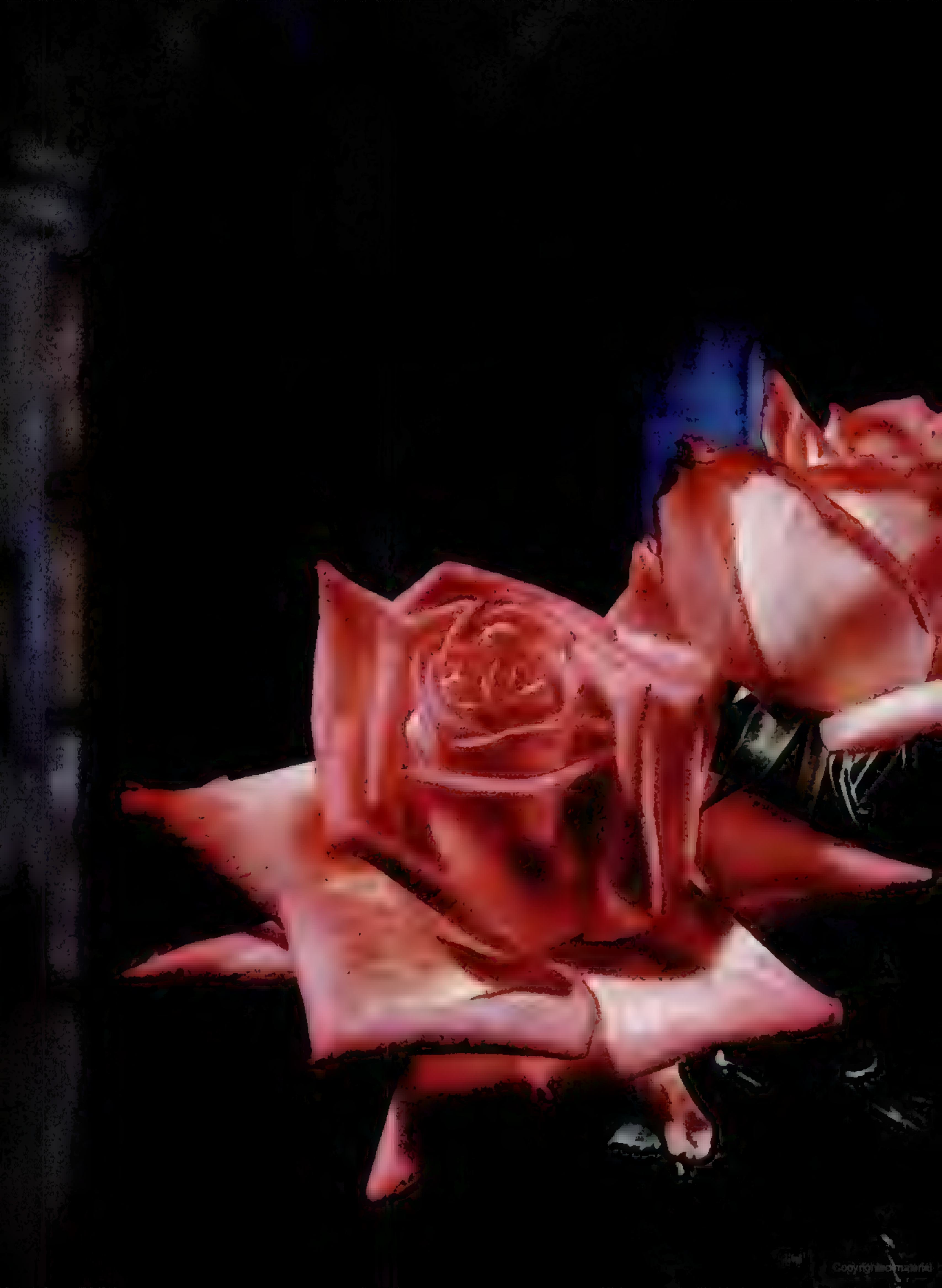
Locate your nearest dealer in a jiffy . . . Call Western Union—then ask for *Operator 25*. She can give you the name of your nearest English Ford Line dealer at once. Call any time. How about *now?*

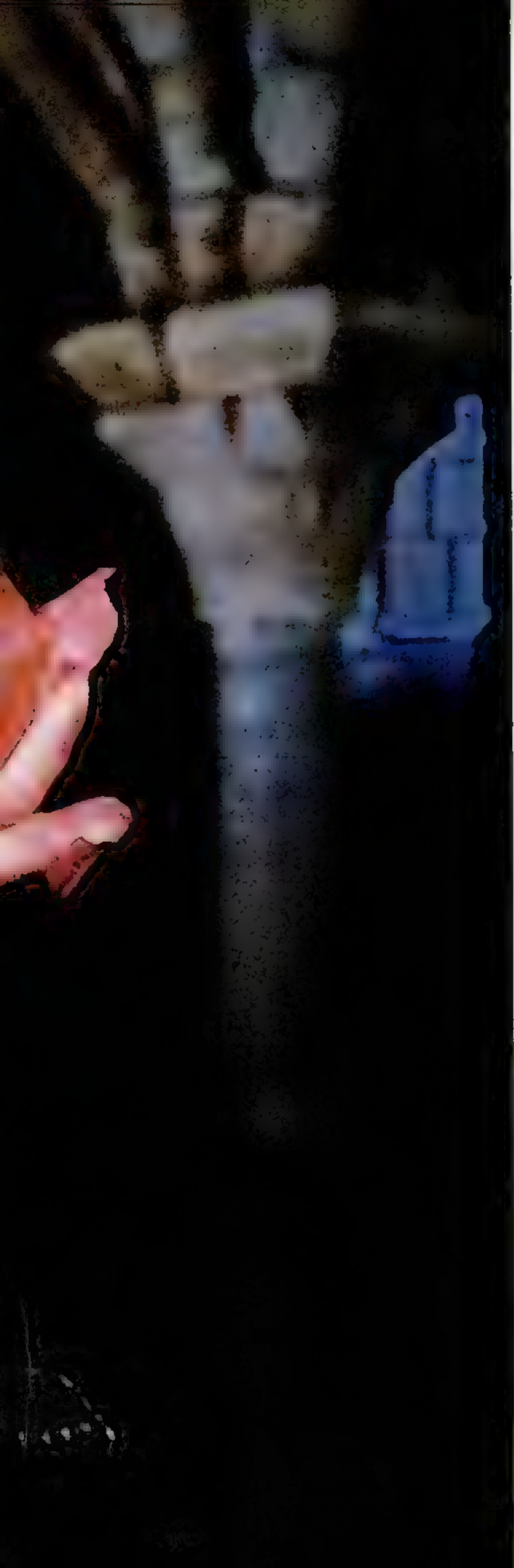
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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price at Eastern and Gulf ports entry plus state and local taxes and transportation from P.O.E. When sidewall tires optional as extra cost. Made in England for Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan, and sold and serviced in the United States by its selected dealers. For further information, write: Imported Car Sales, Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.



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Debut of Prize Roses

THE OLD FAVORITES GROW BETTER STILL

With each succeeding spring the U.S. becomes more and more a nation of gardeners—of people as avid for news of the latest rose or Forsythia as for announcements of new autos. This story is the first of many in which LIFE will describe interesting developments in flowers and shrubs.

For universal popularity, no flower has ever rivaled the rose. For centuries poets have sung its praises and been grateful—in verse—even for its thorns. In the U.S. today surveys show that 19 out of 20 citizens consider it their favorite flower and many men do not know the name of any other flower. The rose is supposed to make many kinds of magic. It has been used to bring back erring husbands, to cure hangovers, to make sandwiches, wine and love philters. Roses have been worn on shoes, behind the ears, between the teeth. They have decorated everything from coffins to china plates. Empress Josephine always carried a rose, her favorite flower, but its use was prosaic—to hide her bad teeth. Cleopatra spread rose petals 18 inches deep over the throne room for a meeting with Mark Anthony, a tactic so prophetic that she lived to cover his grave with more rose petals. In legend and song a rose springs up from lovers' graves and blooms where brave warriors spill their blood.

Today the 40 million U.S. amateur gardeners who grow roses do not expect such miracles from the \$125 million worth of bushes they buy each year. But they do hunt for performing magic in their roses. They want plants that are hardy, disease resistant, easy to grow in a variety of climates and lavish with large, fragrant blooms. The 1959 prize roses, here and on following pages, which are now available, fulfill these requirements. After arduous tests these roses have proved to be the best of the hundreds of roses that hybridizers here and in Europe, who spent \$5 million this year on their work, developed for this spring. The Kordes Perfecta hybrid tea rose (*left*) and the White Queen tea rose (*next page*) are among the sturdiest tea roses ever produced. Floribunda roses, always harder and more abundant than tea roses though their blooms are smaller, have never yielded a plant as strong and full of flowers as the All-America prizewinner (*following pages*) called Ivory Fashion.

Photographed for LIFE by DMITRI KESSEL

Kordes Perfecta

Set among medieval arches, the new hybrid tea rose, Kordes Perfecta, shows its unique coloring: yellow-tinged petals, touched at the edges with red. Distinguished descendant of Peace, the century's greatest rose, Perfecta grows to be three feet tall, has vigor and abundant blooms with a pungent old rose scent.



ROSES

CONTINUED

White Queen

Pure white is the most difficult color to achieve in a rose. Tints tend to creep in. The White Queen rose, shown at left before de la Hire's painting, *Allegory of Music*, is a hybrid tea rose with a strain of floribunda in its ancestry to make it hardy. More rewarding to plant than any other white tea rose of recent years, it grows neatly upright, has long stems. Its flowers have a fresh clean fragrance.

Ivory Fashion

Winner of the All-America citation as the best floribunda rose of 1959 is Ivory Fashion, shown at right. Behind it is a medieval tapestry called *Marriage*. One of its parents, Fashion, introduced in 1950, has won nine awards—more than any other rose in history. (The full genealogy of Ivory Fashion is on the next pages.) Until wide open, Ivory Fashion shows only the ivory of its petals, then the orange stamens at the center of the flower blaze against the ivory. The plant has many stems bearing five or more heavily scented flowers. It is ideal for gardeners who want a rose that performs dramatically in almost any climate.

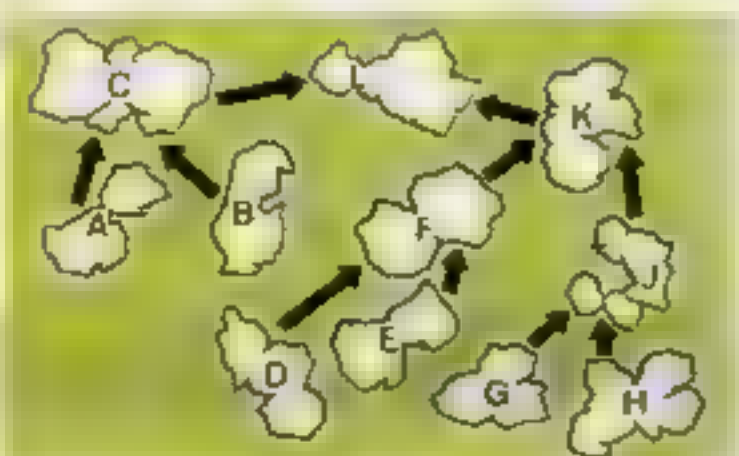


GENEALOGY OF A BEAUTY

A prize rose like Ivory Fashion, shown on the preceding page, is the result of long years of skillful, patient hybridizing. To create a good, new rose the hybridizer chooses ancestors with desirable qualities and mates them, hoping that the new rose gets the best of everything: fewer thorns, more fragrance, greater stamina, lovelier color. But 95% of the time even the most pedigreed of rose parents produce horticultural rascals. The ancestry of Ivory Fashion, which was produced by Eugene Boerner of Jackson & Perkins, is shown in this photograph and by the diagram at right which duplicates the photograph and presents a lettered key to the flowers. Ivory Fashion is shown in bud and fully opened at top center. The lineage of its mother, a hybrid tea rose, is at the left. A President Macra seedling (A) was crossbred with

seedling of Helios (B) to produce Sonata (C), a vigorous, bushy plant with pink blooms and luxurious glossy leaves. The genealogy of the father is at right and goes back 30 years to the time when a Cathrine Kordes seedling (D) was bred with W. E. Chaplin (E), a beautiful but unscented rose. This produced Crimson Glory (F) which became one of the 10 most popular roses in the U.S. Some years later Golden Rapture rose (G) was crossed with Eva (H), distinctive for its clusters of bloom, to produce the famous Pinocchio (J), noted for its wide-opening flower. Pinocchio, bred with Crimson Glory, sired Fashion (K). Then

Sonata and Fashion were crossed to produce Ivory Fashion. Further back, Ivory Fashion has a historic forebear, Persian Yellow, an oriental rose which sired the first yellow hybrid rose, Soleil d'Or.







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Crackle with fun,
Pop up the muscles,
For everyone."*

Kellogg's



RICE KRISPIES

RULES FOR HEALTHY ROSES

A beginning rose grower almost always thinks that roses require special soil and lots of fertilizer. Actually a rose needs less nutrient than a zinnia. Any well-drained soil that will grow good vegetables or even grass will grow good roses with one or two yearly applications of a mixed fertilizer.

Planting roses takes a little muscle and honest spadework. Holes for roses should be large enough to accommodate their roots. For most roses a hole 18 inches in diameter and 12 inches deep is required. If the soil is substandard, the best way to improve it is to add organic matter in the form of well-rotted manure, peat moss, leaf mold or compost. Combine the soil removed from the hole with the organic material, mixing it well.

The roots of rosebushes must be handled carefully. Before planting cut away any that are broken. From the tops remove injured wood or twiggy growth with a sharp, clean cut. In placing the plant in the hole, spread the roots out so that they slope downward at a 45° angle and are evenly distributed around the hole. If they do not fit without bending, make the hole larger. The crown—the knotlike swollen area on the stem, just above the roots—should be two inches below the soil in severely cold climates, one inch below in moderate climates. Cover the roots with loose soil, working it firmly around them so that no air pockets remain. Fill hole three-fourths full with soil.

Tamp down firmly. Fill remainder of hole with water. After it has soaked in, fill in with soil.

The one most important thing in caring for roses is water. Especially during hot, dry months, the plants should be watered at least once a week. The watering must always be thorough, enough to moisten the earth to the depth of eight inches. Early morning is the best time to water roses. Methods that saturate the earth but do not wet the foliage are best.

Better roses are produced if the bushes are mulched. Winter mulching protects the plants from injury by low temperatures. Spring and summer mulching reduces the amount of moisture loss after rain or watering, keeps the soil cooler, controls weeds and prevents soil matting. Good mulching materials are buckwheat hulls, peat moss, shredded sugar cane, lawn clippings, birch chips, wood chips or sawdust.

Every spring dead wood and twiggy growth should be cut away from roses. A minimum of healthy wood should be removed. Severe pruning, cutting plants down to the ground, is no longer considered good for rosebushes.

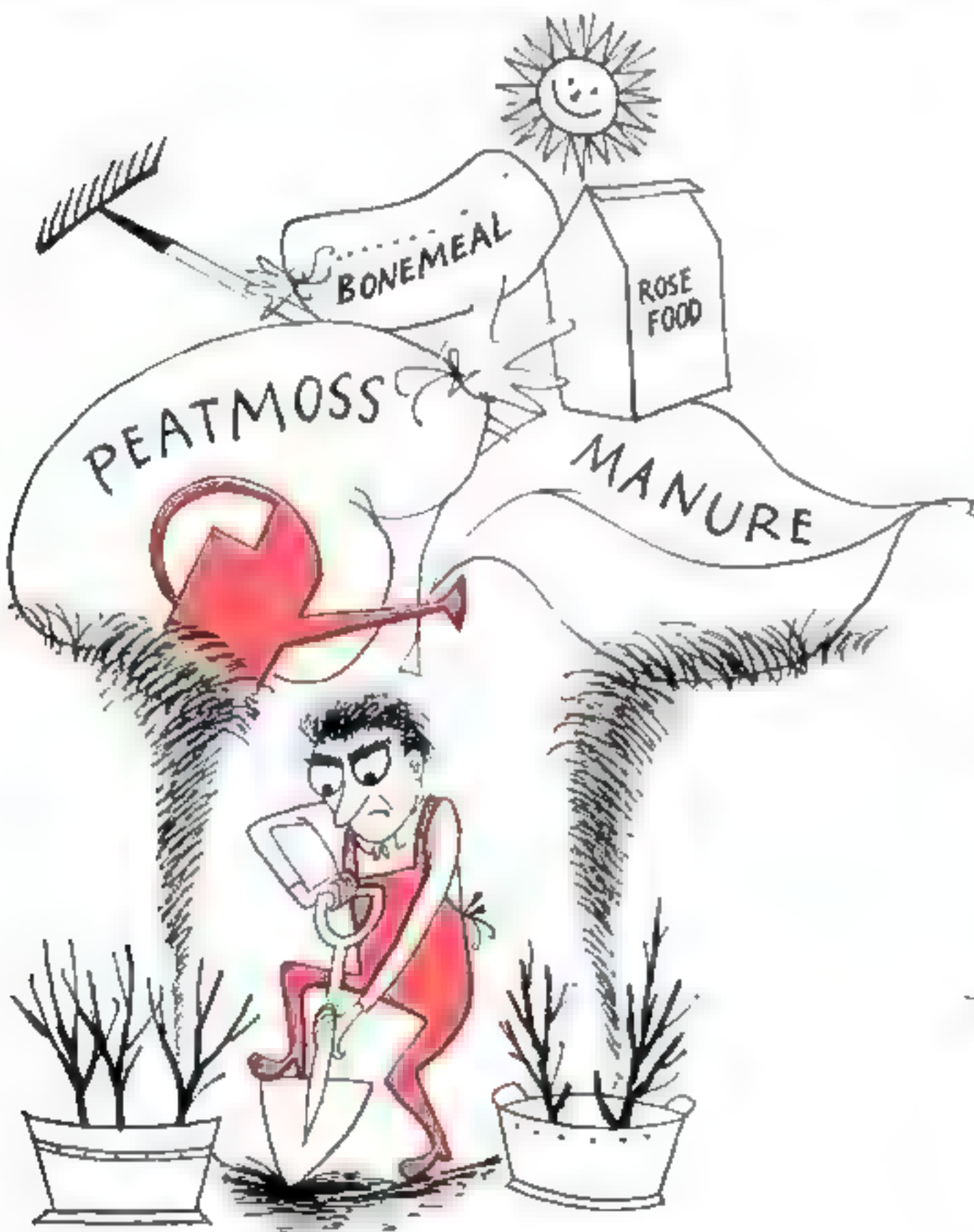
Bugs and Blights

There are eight common insects that attack roses. They are of two kinds—those that feed by sucking juices from a plant and those that chew into the tissues to devour it. Aphids, red spider mites and the leaf hoppers are the

commonest sucking pests. Nicotine, rotenone and pyrethrum help get rid of them. The chewing insects are thrips, rose slugs, rose midge, rose chafers, beetles. They are best battled with arsenic, DDT and malathion.

Roses are subject to four diseases. Black spot—the name describes the disease—is the most troublesome and widespread. Regular spraying or dusting with captan, ferbam or Phaltan should prevent the disease. If it should appear, pick the spotted leaves and burn them. Mildew, which shows as a powdery gray covering on leaves, is another serious disease. Sulphur, Karathane and Mildex are the best treatments. Cankers of various kinds infect roses. When brown spots appear, prune out canes showing the infection. To clean up a severe case use a spray of lime sulphur before growth starts in the spring. Common leaf rust of roses is caused by a fungus. Pick off all infected leaves and burn; spray or dust with a mixture of sulphur and ferbam.

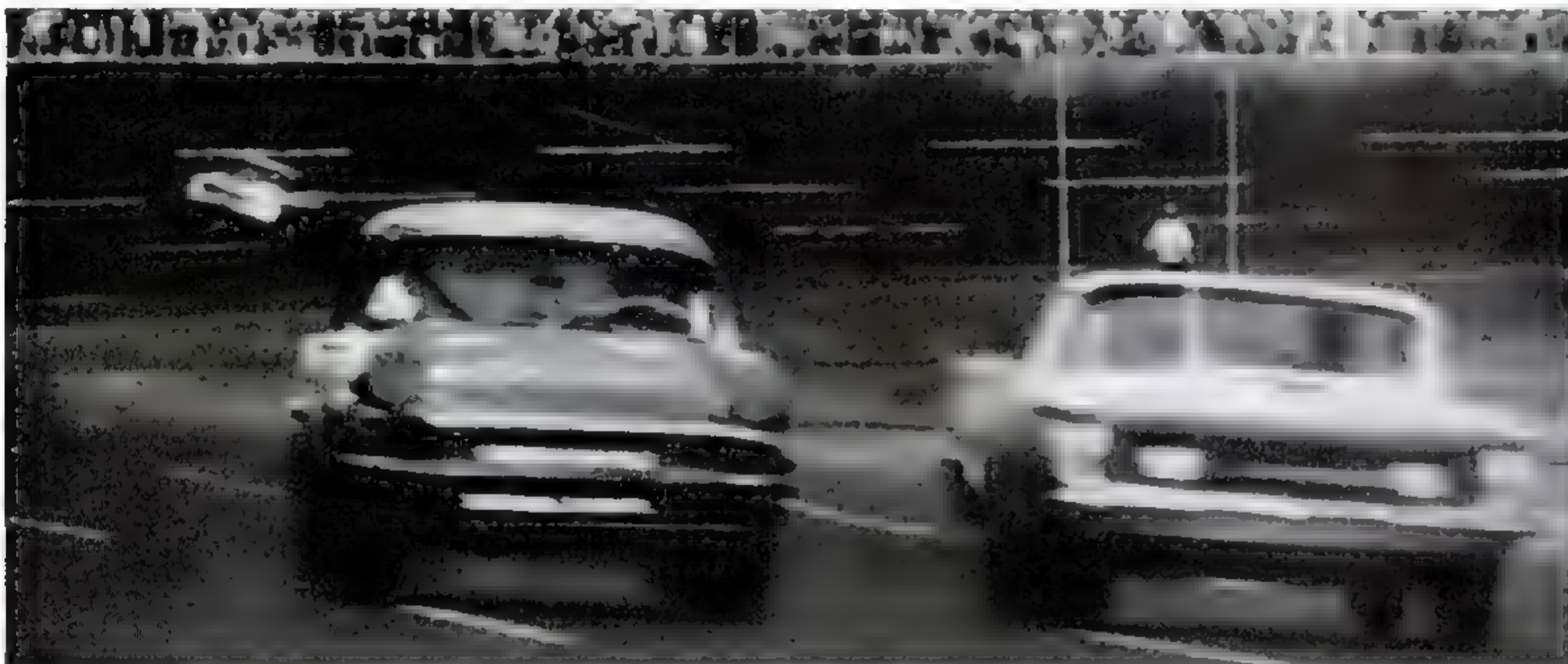
Spraying should not be undertaken when the wind is blowing hard or when plants are wet or in the evening. All the foliage should be covered with the spray. Dusting too must be thorough. It is not enough to let a cloud of dust drift among the plants. The dust must be applied to the under, as well as the upper, surface of leaves. The coating should be light. Part-time gardeners like dusting because they can do it in the evening instead of at dawn.



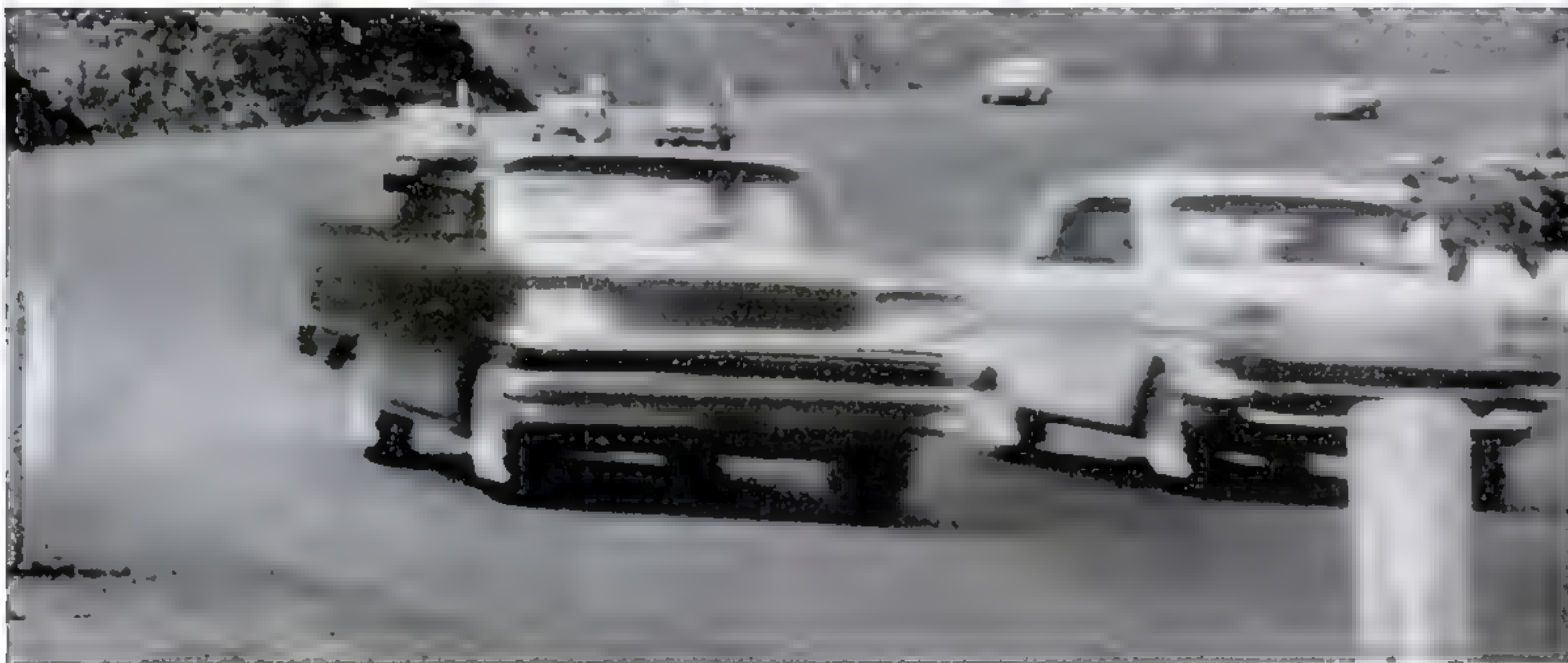
Rose planters need a minimum of equipment for their job. Here the diligent digger has wisely put the new bushes in a bucket to keep the roots moist. He will mix organic material with his soil if needed. But he will add fertilizer with a light hand like vermouth in a martini.



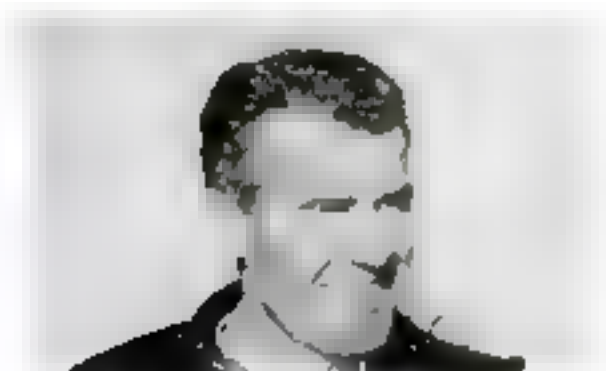
Pamperers of roses can wear themselves out being kind to their bushes. They can also wear out the bushes. There is an effective powder or spray for all insects and diseases that beset roses. Water—lots of it—is the best known tonic for roses. Pruning should be done conservatively.



Firestone breaks world stock car record at Daytona



proving Firestones safest and longest-wearing at



Lee Petty, NASCAR 500-Mile Sweepstakes winner at Daytona, Florida, says, "When it comes to the big test, only Firestones are good enough."

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Firestone is FIRST in competitive tests that prove performance for you!

In February's record-shattering races at Daytona's new International Speedway, high-contour curves took the lid off the speed limit. It set a killing pace for some tires—but it couldn't stop Firestones. Winning drivers rode them to world records for every racing distance! Firestones carried the six top finishers in the NASCAR† 100-Mile Grand National where the winner's speed averaged 143.19 m.p.h. And only Firestones were good enough to finish on the top nine cars in the NASCAR 500-Mile Sweepstakes where the winner's average speed was 135.52 m.p.h.



Firestone safety research in action at Daytona International Speedway

Speedway...

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Most important of all—Firestones, *and only Firestones*, completed every blistering Daytona test without a single blowout. That's important news to remember the next time you buy tires for your new or present car. Such Firestone proof of performance on the speedway means safer tires for your highway and turnpike driving. Get the test-winning performance of Firestone Rubber-X*, the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. Order them on your new car, or buy now, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

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Debbie Comes Up Dancing

EDDIE'S SCORNED WOMAN SCORNS GLOOM IN SPAIN

Flicking no man in a bullfighter's pass Debbie Reynolds set out to capture Spain. If once she had felt sad and hurt, those days were gone. Ever since her husband Eddie Fisher left her for good friend Liz Taylor, she has kept busy making two movies in the U.S. Now in Spain, she is making a third—and most enjoyable (see cover and right) having the time of her young life.

No, that Debbie was ever one to retreat behind dark glasses. She is, normally, full of fun and as playful as a kitten on a living room rug. When friendly people smile at her, she grins back and gives—and the people of Spain are more than friendly. They are ardent. So Debbie gave. She clowned between scenes, sang songs, dished out kisses with her autographs and created traffic jams in downtown streets.

FROLICKING IN TWO FILMS



A SPANISH DANCE, pranced with a drunken tax inspector played by Tony Randall, is high point in hilarity of *The Mating Game*, Debbie's current comedy.



A SPANISH PASS, under guidance of Actor Gustavo Rojo, is used by Debbie before a bullfight-training machine in her latest film, *It Started with a Kiss*.



LIFTED ONTO AN AUTOMOBILE, DEBBIE CHEERS ON UNIVERSITY OF MADRID

Serenade, sightseeing and lots of popcorn

The Madrileños matched Debbie's high spirits with their own. Crowds gathered wherever she went and one night beribboned university students lured her from the dinner table, perched her on a small automobile in the street (*above*) and sang their love of her. Altogether she is making out much better in Madrid than her rival Liz Taylor did. Last time Liz was there her husband, the late Mike Todd, unfortunately described Spaulding's great literary character, Don Quixote, as "a guy who read too many of the comic books of his time" and all Madrid took umbrage.

At odd hours Debbie goes sightseeing and dines at famous restaurants. In them she picks without much enthusiasm at such exotic dishes as roast suckling pig and octopus in its own ink. For Debbie is a homespun girl and she loves Coke, chewing gum and popcorn. "Whenever I run out of popcorn," she told a recent visitor, "I am in serious trouble."

Debbie is not all cheery frivolity. Under her rollicking sense of fun there is a sober-sided business woman. In settling her divorce, for instance, she zealously guarded the financial interest of her children, and their father departed a poorer man. But mainly, on stage and off, Debbie is the charming clown America will see much of this year—right now in M-G-M's *The Mating Game*, a lovely, rowdy comedy with Tony Randall; a bit later in 20th Century-Fox's *Say One for Me* with Bing Crosby; and still later in M-G-M's *It Started with a Kiss*, the film she is now busy making with Glenn Ford. And for the rest of the year she is booked solid.



STUDENTS WHO DANCED AND SERENADED HER FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR



A PLAYFUL DEBBIE amuses Actor Glenn Ford by sinking to her knees under the weight of his Air Force overcoat and seeming to grow smaller and smaller.



SIGHTSEERS, Debbie's friend, Dancer Camille Williams, and Debbie gaze solemnly around the memorial to Spain's civil war dead in Guadarrama Mountains.



A POPCORN LOVER, Debbie kept Madrid chefs, who normally eschew it busy turning it out "Popcorn," she says "is one of the few foods I genuinely like"

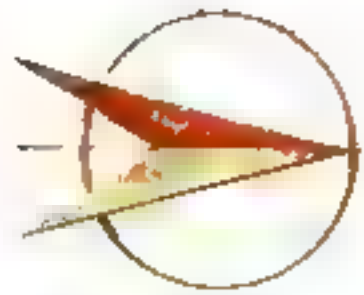
DEBBIE



CALLING CALIFORNIA, Debbie phones her mother's home in Burbank to find out how her children Carrie Frances (2) and Todd Emanuel Fisher (1) are

faring. Despite long and exhausting days on the set, she called two or three times each week, also found time to write home daily and stop for Christmas gifts.

The Newest of Everything Great!



The Greatest of Everything New!



If you like wagons, you must read this



Rear-facing "Observation Lounge"



One-piece tailgate, power window

Seats fold to form level platform



95 cubic feet of cargo space



You station wagon owners are a sort of special breed. You lead a more active family and social life. You simply *do* more things.

We've built a Dodge wagon that fits into your living pattern like nothing else on wheels.

This Dodge 4-door Sierra is the first wagon to solve the third seat problem with its "Observation Lounge." Passengers board at the rear, face the rear. It's comfortable and fun.

The reason you can enter at the rear is because Dodge developed a wonderfully simple *one-piece* tailgate. The window lowers right into it. There's no awkward *upper* liftgate to struggle with or bump your head on when entering or loading.

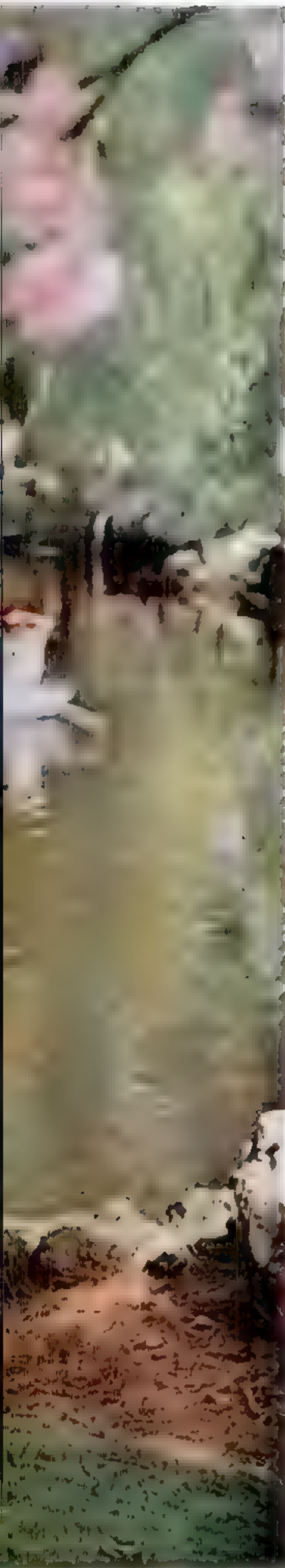
Now let's convert for hauling. Fold the third seat down and you've got a sizeable rear cargo platform. Want a lot of room? Fold the second seat too, and you've got a flat deck with 95 cubic feet of clear space.

We'd like to send you a descriptive folder on this superb Dodge Sierra wagon. Drop us a card with your name and address; Dodge Station Wagons, Dept. K, Box 1259, Detroit 31, Michigan.

'59 DODGE

Dodge brings you *Lawrence Welk* on television every week, ABC-TV network. Ask your Dodge dealer for time and channel.





America Pauses for SPRINGTIME

Blue sky above . . . tender young love . . .
Trout fly rod . . . spade of sod . . .
Gay Easter hat . . . a man at bat . . .
Refreshing thing . . . this pause for Spring!



And just as refreshing as Springtime itself
. . . is that welcome Pause for Coca-Cola.
The Pause you can enjoy the entire year.
For Coke . . . with that lively lift . . .
that cold crisp taste . . .
makes any pause anywhere . . .



The Pause that Refreshes

See "America Pauses for Springtime" on CBS-TV March 30, 7:30-8:30 P.M. E.S.T.

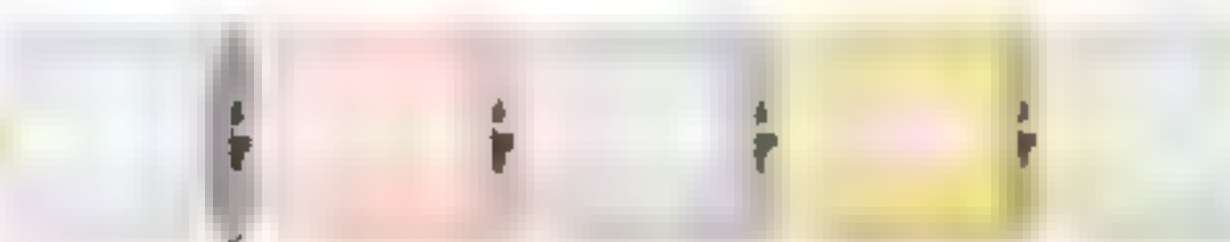


Shimmering Grecian negligee: a slim and silvery vision in softest lamé cotton. Designed by Yanni to match the special softness of Soft-Weve, the bathroom tissue that gives you everything: Superb "facial quality" . . . luxurious 2-ply softness . . . new Soft-Weve perforations, neat and easy-to-tear . . . and a "See-through" wrap to show you the soft negligee colors!

The most noticed little luxury in your home

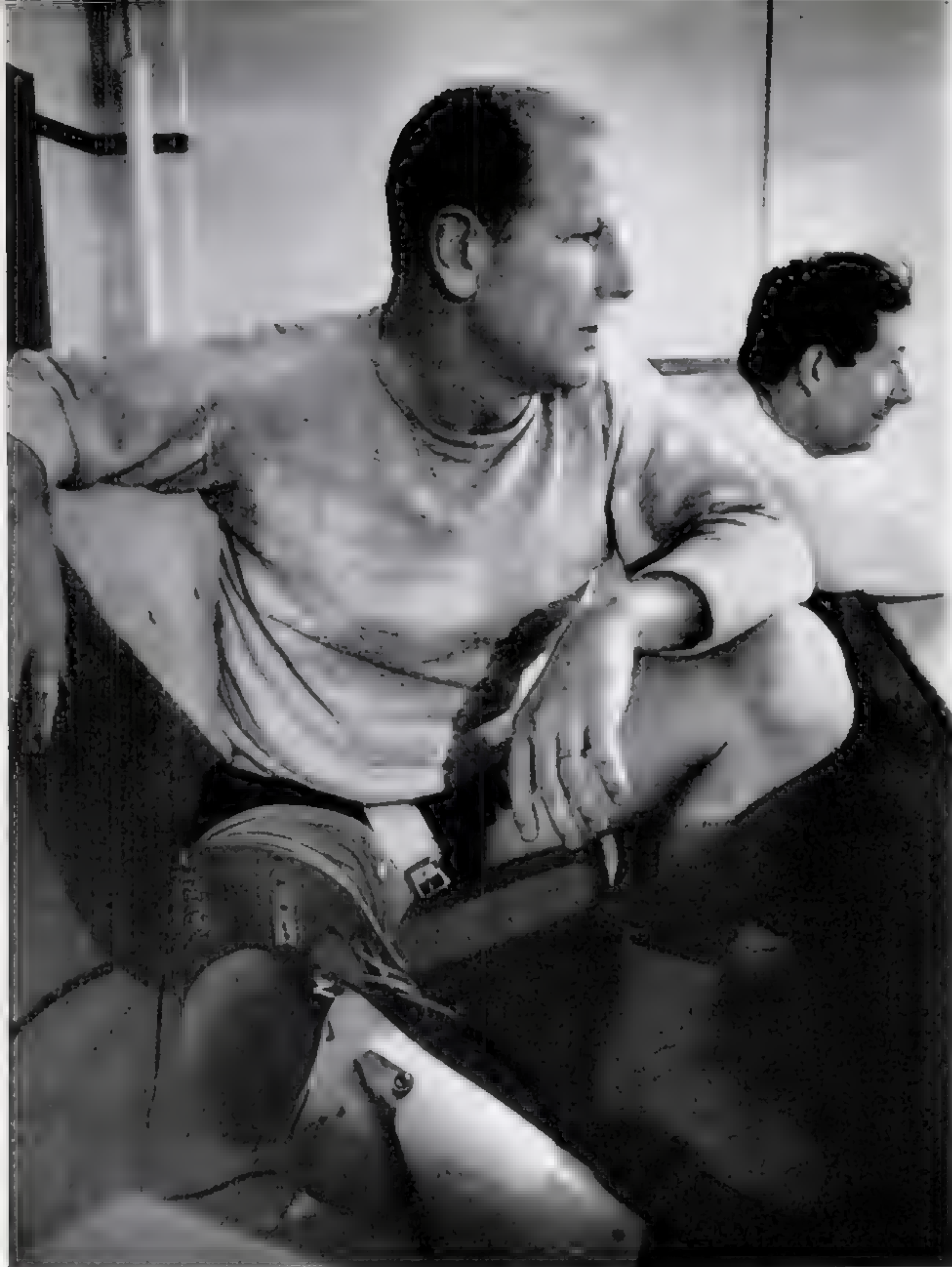
Soft-Weve®

2-PLY TISSUE BY SCOTT



NEW! "See-through" wrap





COOLING OFF after an energetic game of paddle ball, Bill Veeck talks about playing games, his leg and life in general. "Whether it's paddle ball or baseball, I want to win. In baseball only one team wins, never lose. I don't want the Sox to be with the majority. I want them to be a minority of one. . . . Sure my leg bothers me. When people get something like this, they go one of two ways: they mean 'why did fickle fate do this to me?' or they say 'I can surmount it.' The day I got my artificial leg, I threw a dance for a thousand people. It started at 8 and I danced every tune till the band folded."

A Game Man Returns to Game

When Bill Veeck took over the Chicago White Sox this month, not a single major-league owner wired congratulations. But the vigorous, amiable ex-Marine, who lost a leg as a result of the war, could not have cared less. "My friends are the fans, not the owners," he said. "The trouble with the owners is that they hate progress."

Progress to Bill Veeck means selling more and more baseball tickets. Other club owners who happen to like their baseball straight say that Veeck's ticket-selling efforts have too often turned the baseball diamond into a circus ring. First in Cleveland in the late '40s and then with the St. Louis Browns, Veeck jazzed up his games with such extras as

auto races, fireworks, flagpole sitters, even a pinch-hitting midget. When Veeck has taken over a team, even in an era of dwindling attendance, its gate receipts go up.

After a five year absence from the majors the 45-year-old Veeck last winter formed a syndicate which bought 54% of the White Sox stock from Dorothy Comiskey Rigney. But Dorothy's younger brother, Chuck Comiskey, who owns the rest of the stock, is still fighting the sale in court. Until the deal is completed, Bill Veeck is keeping mum on stunts. But he is not giving up on them. "Dignity isn't my suit of clothes," he says. "I'm going to make the White Sox a conversation piece."



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Air Parcel Post is often cheaper or only pennies more than First Class Surface Mail! May go Registered, Insured or Special Delivery.



2 lbs. from Chicago to New York—\$1.26 (By First Class Surface Mail—\$1.26)
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AIR Parcel Post



Repair your cowboy's shootin' iron
with Weldwood Contact Cement

Weldwood Contact Cement makes a strong, lasting bond between plastic and metal. Bonds glass, rubber, leather, wood, permanently on contact. Ideal for mending torn rainwear, for installing plywood

paneling without using screws or nails, or for installing plastic counter tops. Bottles and cans from 29¢. Also, keep Weldwood Presto-Set Glue on hand for most household gluing needs.

WELDWOOD® CONTACT CEMENT • PRESTO-SET GLUE

Products of UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION—at hardware, paint, and lumber dealers

GAME MAN CONTINUED



FATHER AND DAUGHTER have a giggle when Bill tries to give a recit of old Lisa bottle. About his children Veeck says: "I'm spoiled; they're not."



ALL THE VEECKS get together after making move to Chicago. When Veeck owned the St. Louis Browns, the family lived in an apartment right in the stadium. Since the White Sox have no such live-in facilities, Veeck's pretty wife, Mary Frances, is looking for house as close to the ball park as possible.



HEARING OUT A FAN Veeck talks baseball with 17-year-old Allan Feldman before making speech on White Sox to Evanston High School upperclassmen.

"IF YOU WANT TO STOP SMOKING

I Know What Can Help You"

— says Mickey Mantle



MICKEY MANTLE says: "I am confident this amazing pill can help anyone."

I'm one person who had his career picked out for him before he was born. My Pop just lived and breathed baseball. When he was young, he spent his spare time playing baseball with every team in Oklahoma that needed a player.

My Grandpa was the same. As a young man he had been a pitcher on a semi-professional team. They were both bound that I was going to be a ball player and some day make the big time.

When I was just a few days old, a baseball was tucked into my crib. Later I was taught to count in a highly unusual way. "This is first base," Pop

would say. "This is second, and that's third..." Or else he would throw up his hands and yell, "Strike one! Strike two!"

That's how I came to be a ball player and this upbringing had something to do with my determination to cut down smoking!

Now, personally, I have nothing against smoking. I am in favor of everybody getting all the enjoyment and satisfaction out of life that they can. To smoke or not to smoke is something everybody has to decide for himself. However, sometimes on doctor's orders or for some other reason, a person may have to give up or cut down smoking.

In my case it wasn't doctor's orders, it was some other reason. Someone like myself who earns his living in athletics, has a duty to keep fit. One day, I just decided that I would be hitting the ball better if I cut down smoking. It was as simple as that.

Well, sir, it wasn't that simple at all. It's one thing to decide to quit or cut down smoking, and, as a lot of other people have discovered, another thing to do it. I had a real struggle on my hands; but I made it! It wasn't until later, during a period of backsliding, that I discovered

something which, if I had known about it earlier, would have saved me a lot of grief.

This was an amazing little pill! This little pill had been recommended to one of my friends who had to stop smoking. It was recommended by his doctor who had actually used the pill himself. It helped him to quit easily and painlessly in a few days, without any of that nervous, uneasy feeling which people who try to stop smoking, usually experience.

I tried this little pill. I was amazed to find out how effective it was, without any of the agony and effort which I had gone through before. The contrast was so striking that I decided to inquire into the background of this unusual discovery. What I found out will, I think, interest everybody who at some time or another has tried to quit or cut down smoking.

This little pill was discovered by doctors in the research department of Loyola University in Chicago. For many years it had been known that a drug called lobeline sulphate could curb the desire to smoke. However, in doses large enough to be effective, this drug produced unpleasant side effects. The University scientists working on the problem discovered, after months of research and experimentation, that by combining two common antacid ingredients with lobeline sulphate, two things were accomplished. First, any unpleasant side effects were eliminated; secondly, the amount of lobeline necessary to do an effective job was greatly reduced. The result was this harmless little white pill which, when given to test patients, helped 4 out of 5 to stop smoking in 5 days!

The way the pill works is wonderfully simple. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco". It is a first cousin to nicotine, I'm told, mimicking its action but is not habit forming. It does its job by removing the craving for nicotine in the system, and not by affecting the taste or making smoking unpleasant.

The research team that discovered this little pill knew they had something that thousands

needed. Here was something that would really help anybody who wanted to free himself or herself from the smoking habit. But like any group of scientists, they were cautious. More research was carried on, more tests were made on hundreds and hundreds of patients. They proved that 83%, more than 4 out of 5, of all people who wanted to stop smoking could do it easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with the help of the little pills. Significantly, they found that those who didn't stop completely had cut down their smoking drastically.

Their discovery was reported in medical journals and I understand demand for it began coming from every corner of the globe. The Campana Company of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market these amazing pills. Today you can buy them at any drug store in the United States, under the name of Bantron, for only \$1.25 a box. They are also available in Canada. Bantron has been proven so safe, when taken as directed, it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription.

From my own experience and that of my friends, I can recommend Bantron to anyone who wants to stop or cut down smoking. You will find that Bantron can help you stop quickly and easily in a few days, without any of the pangs you might have expected.

However, remember this. Bantron can't do all the work alone. You must really want to stop or cut down. If you do, I am confident that Bantron can give you the help you need.



Bantron Smoking
Deterrent Tablets
A CAMPANA PRODUCT



MICKEY MANTLE in his new Dallas 32 lane bowling establishment.



U. S. GOVERNMENT

Trading Stamp Come Out

*U.S. Department of Agriculture Reports That the
Housewife Who Saves and Redeems Her Stamps for
Merchandise Can Get a Greater Total Value Than the
Housewife Who Shops in Stores Without Stamps*

IF YOU'RE like 99% of all housewives, it's getting the most for your money—the greatest *total value*—that really interests you. Next, you want to know *where* you get it.

That's why we think you'll be interested in reading what the U. S. Department of Agriculture says on that very subject.

They can tell you where to get the greatest total value because they've just completed a thorough study of what's been happening to prices in the United States from 1953 to 1957—not only in stores that give trading stamps but also in stores that do not give stamps.

We hardly think this report will come as a surprise

THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY *presents the above as one in a series of messages for your information. As originator of the S&H GREEN STAMP, S&H is carrying on a 63-year tradition of offering thrifty Americans an additional way to save on purchases. S&H GREEN STAMPS are today saved by over 23 million families.*





CONFIRMS—

Savers Can Dollars Ahead

to many women. On your own, you've found out that when you save and redeem your stamps for merchandise you can get greater total value than the housewife who shops in stores that do not give stamps. Stating this conclusion another way, you might say trading stamp savers come out dollars ahead.

Furthermore, like the Government people who conducted this study, you've probably discovered another interesting fact:

No two stores have exactly the same prices; so naturally there are some non-stamp stores that charge a bit less and some non-stamp stores that charge more than stamp stores on this item or that. Smart, thrifty housewives know which is which and constantly seek their best total value.

In fact, reading this Department of Agriculture

study should bring a quiet smile to the seven out of ten American housewives who do their shopping in stores that give trading stamps as a discount on cash purchases. As pointed out by observers, "The housewives knew it all along."

☆ ☆ ☆

Summary from the United States Department of Agriculture's Magazine, *Agricultural Marketing*, January 1959, "Use of Trading Stamps in Marketing Food"

The summary reviews Marketing Research Report #295. The Report covers prices from 1951 to 1957 in a group of stamp-giving and non-stamp stores. It was found that prices in stamp-giving stores had increased a fraction more than in non-stamp stores—six-tenths of one percent, or about one half cent on each dollar of purchases.

As the Department of Agriculture emphasizes, the fractional difference which it found on the average has nothing to do with specific store situations. Many consumers find that the prices they pay in stamp stores are even less than the prices they pay in

certain non-stamp stores.

The summary concludes . . . "The consumer who redeems his stamps receives, in return, merchandise valued at about two percent of each retail dollar spent in filling his stamp book. Thus, if the consumer pays six-tenths of one percent more for food in a stamp-giving store, but redeems his stamps at the rate of two percent, he benefits by the extent of the difference."

If you'd like a copy of the summary or of Marketing Research Report #295, write the Dept. of Agriculture, Agricultural Marketing Service, Wash., D. C.



PART II

KREMLIN INTRIGUE

Agent who guarded Soviet leaders tells

In last week's LIFE Peter Deriabin, one of the most important Russian defectors ever to reach the U.S., told of his experiences as a Soviet intelligence agent in Moscow and Vienna. In this final installment he reports on his experiences as a member of the dread Okhrana, the agency charged with protecting Russia's leaders. In these articles Deriabin refers to himself in the third person because, after five years in the U.S., he no longer feels any personal identification with the man who served Russia.

ON a wintry afternoon in 1942 a lone Soviet soldier walked into Moscow's Red Square with a rifle in his hand. He sat down on a bench at the *Lobnoye Mesto*, the ancient execution grounds of the czars. During the war years anyone who entered the vicinity of the Kremlin was put under the closest surveillance, and the guards in the area eyed the soldier carefully. A few seconds later they were thrown into real confusion: the rifleman unstrapped his weapon and drew a bead on the main Kremlin gate 150 yards away.

The guards approached the soldier with a curious caution. While they were still shouting for him to drop his rifle, a black Packard limousine edged out of the Kremlin gates. Inside it was Anastas Mikoyan. The soldier dropped to one knee and quickly fired three shots at the car, which were deflected by the Packard's special bulletproofing. Even as he was shooting there was an answering volley from the guards, and the soldier fell dead.

Investigation later established that the soldier was a bitter conscript who had gone AWOL when he was denied leave to visit his sick, half-starving mother back in her village. He had left his regiment and brazenly walked into Red Square to avenge himself on the bosses in the Kremlin. Now, his protest made, he lay sprawled on the pavement, an almost ridiculous contrast to the heavily armed figures of the State Security guards who had shot him.

The scene in the square was quickly hushed up. But those who saw or heard about it never forgot it. The soldier was only an instrument of protest, but his desperate, crazed gesture revealed a

great deal not only about his country but about the members of the ruthless security organization who had killed him.

The sentry detail in Red Square was part of the highly secret Guard Directorate of the State Security, charged with protecting the Kremlin leaders. It was known as the Okhrana, the Russian word for guard. The Okhrana's swift execution of the lone soldier was a commentary on the vigilance with which the Soviet regime seals itself off from its people. The guards' split-second hesitation before they opened fire was also a commentary, but of a different sort. The soldier had caught them completely by surprise—and surprise was the one situation they were least fitted to cope with. Living in an atmosphere of suspicion and uncertainty, they had been afraid to fire—for fear the soldier might have been sent by one Kremlin leader to assassinate another.

The entire incident had been preposterous and embarrassing and the regime did not let it go unpunished. For letting the soldier go AWOL, his army superiors—platoon, company, battalion, regimental and even divisional commanders—were stripped of their rank and sent to fight as privates in penal battalions at the front. The entire company of Okhrana sentries on duty in Red Square was transferred. Its officers and noncoms were imprisoned for terms of up to 10 years. One man who was practically an innocent bystander, the security officer who had given the Okhrana officers their clearance, was sentenced to a year in prison.

The story of the strange incident in Red Square is now known to the West because the luckless security officer later told it to Peter Deriabin, a young Siberian who himself rose to the rank of major in the Okhrana and who in 1954 defected to the West.

Deriabin escaped from the Soviet system through Vienna where he was serving at the time in the U.S.S.R.'s intelligence network. He left behind him a top job in the Communist Party and a promising career in the State Security, the Soviet police organization which has gained worldwide notoriety under a constantly changing set of initials: O.G.P.U., N.K.V.D., M.V.D., M.G.B. and, most recently, K.G.B. Deriabin's job for most of the 10 years he spent in the organization was to check the loyalty and direct the activities of men like the scared but ruthless guards in Red Square. Deriabin knows as few Russians ever do—and no foreigner ever could—the extent of the Okhrana's power and the fear it lives by.

The 16,000 members of the Okhrana are the most carefully screened of all the 50,000 officers in the State Security. Their sole task is to protect the Soviet rulers from harm, either real or fancied, and from unwanted contacts with the nation beneath them. It is an exacting job. Members of the Okhrana are constantly in attendance around the offices of the Soviet leaders, their homes, their country estates and any place they travel, within the Soviet Union or outside it.

Deriabin is the only member of the Okhrana ever known to have escaped to the West. He left the Soviet Union because of his



REVEALING INCIDENT shows how Soviet leaders seal selves off from people and how atmosphere of intrigue infects guards. During war crazed soldier

carrying gun walked into Red Square and shot at Mikoyan in his car. Guards let him in square because they didn't believe anyone could try to break

AND DEBAUCHERY

of scandal in high places

by PETER DERIABIN and FRANK GIBNEY

revulsion at the Okhrana's operating methods and at what he saw of the Soviet leaders. He brought with him to the free world not only the amazing working details of the Kremlin's huge private security apparatus but also a firsthand picture of the gilded, immoral society of privilege which the Okhrana shields from the gaze of ordinary Soviet citizens. The members of this society justly deserve the term coined by the disillusioned Yugoslav Communist, Milovan Djilas: the New Class. In the allegedly classless society of Communism the New Class is separated from the mass of Soviet people as effectively as the czars were. The Okhrana is responsible for keeping the division complete.

It is ironic that a man finally driven by the cruelty and lies of the Soviet system to defect should be someone whose own lot was spectacularly improved by Communism. Deriabin was born in 1921 in the tiny settlement of Lokot in southwestern Siberia. His family was poor; his mother a servant in a wealthy house, his father a former noncom in the czarist army. They were hardy, industrious people, and they had to be. Theirs was frontier country, about as wild in the 1920s and 1930s as the Wyoming Territory of the 1880s. Deriabin remembers one occasion when he and his father, riding to town in a horse-drawn sleigh, barely escaped with their lives from a large pack of wolves.

The rise of Peter Deriabin

AN attentive, curious child, Peter quickly came to the notice of zealous teachers and Party organizers in his district, and they set out to mold him. School and Communism came into his life together. Quickly and obediently he went up the rungs of the Party ladder: the Young Pioneers' children's groups, the Communist Youth organization, teachers' training school, and uncounted youth rallies and study groups.

Dedicated young Communists were in demand in the rough provincial towns of Siberia, and Deriabin found himself teaching high school subjects at the age of 17. He entered the army in 1939 and was sent immediately to a school for political commissars. It was the most natural thing in the world for talented Senior Lieutenant Deriabin to be detached from his regiment in 1944 to take the examinations for counterintelligence school.

When Deriabin entered this school, he became a full-fledged member of the State Security. Thereafter the Soviet regime did its best to impress on him and his fellow officers that they were special people, a race apart from ordinary Soviet citizens. "You are just the same as the leaders of the Communist Party," said the lieutenant general in charge, "except that you will work and carry out your functions in a different way."

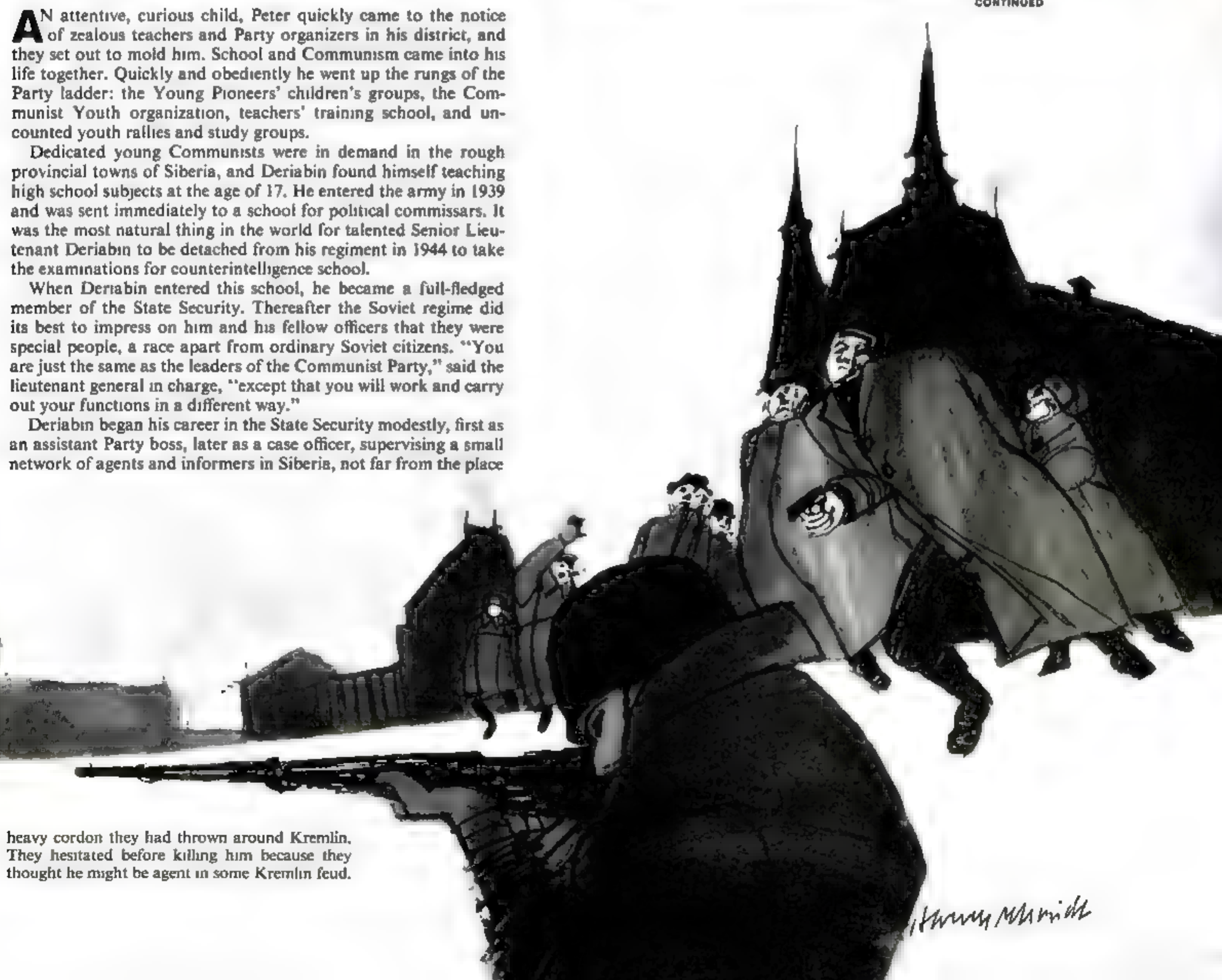
Deriabin began his career in the State Security modestly, first as an assistant Party boss, later as a case officer, supervising a small network of agents and informers in Siberia, not far from the place

where he was born. It was his job to find out who in his district was "anti-Soviet." None of this duty was pleasant, particularly when he was spying on people whom he knew. Deriabin remembers one day when his wife, who was a schoolteacher, told him of an exceptionally gifted boy at her school, a cripple whom she wanted to help. Deriabin could not tell even his own wife that he had just finished accumulating a huge file of derogatory information, all stemming from a chance remark critical of the regime, which would doom the boy's father—and hence the whole family—to destitution. By 1947 Deriabin had had as much of this as he could stand. He managed to pull wires with friends in the State Security headquarters, and shortly thereafter he was transferred to duty with the Okhrana in Moscow.

THERE are two cities in Moscow. One is the metropolis everyone knows. The other, located within it, centers on the Kremlin but reaches out in a spidery network to the far suburbs, anchored at certain key spots around the outer city. These spots (see map, pp. 82, 83) are the homes of Politburo members, guest houses for visiting dignitaries, barracks, "safe houses" for undercover Okhrana details and other installations that rate special State Security surveillance. This city within a city is the Okhrana's beat.

Peter Deriabin had known of this second city, but when he first arrived in Moscow to join the Okhrana, he found that it was far

CONTINUED



heavy cordon they had thrown around Kremlin. They hesitated before killing him because they thought he might be agent in some Kremlin feud.

Harry M. Smith



"It was criminal . . . the way my car acted," the judge said, "until I turned the case over to Pennzoil."

The Day the Judge Really Laid Down the Law!

by Stony Jackson

Judge:

Young man, my engine has been guilty on two counts: gasoline-theft and assault by rough-running! So give me Pennzoil with Z-7!

Attendant:

A smart decision, Judge. I've seen Pennzoil solve a lot of cases just like yours.

Judge:

My car's been throwing the book at me . . . making me pay for extra gas and oil and tune-up jobs and new plugs. It's criminal!

Attendant:

Pennzoil ends all that extra expense, Judge. Improves gas mileage and

cleans your engine so it doesn't foul plugs and run rough. *It's really all you need to know about engines.*

Judge:

I know. That's precisely why I handed down my decision in favor of Pennzoil with Z-7. I've become a "nut" on the subject!

Author's Note:

Pennzoil with Z-7 is refined from pure 100% Pennsylvania-grade crude oil, the highest quality oil for engines ever discovered. And the makers of Pennzoil are the largest producers of this oil in the world. No other motor oil will protect your automobile so well. So ask for Pennzoil by name, wherever you go.



CHECKING UP, militiaman studies man's papers near Kremlin. In sensitive areas Okhrana men serve as militia.

SECRET CITY OF KREMLIN CHIEFS

On Moscow map colored area is where Soviet leaders work and live and where Okhrana patrols. Roads shown are those used by leaders to get to country homes. "Safe houses" (shown as squares) are meeting places for undercover operatives. State Security workers live in agency's own apartment houses (triangles). At Dzerzhinsky Square (star) are State Security headquarters and employees' club. Nearby (1) are clustered the agency's advanced training school, its own hospital and drugstore, and the special Okhrana clubhouse. Other installations include (2) the State Security rifle range; (3) private athletic grounds (for basketball, volleyball, tennis, etc.); (4), (5) apartments reserved for Soviet leaders; (6) apartment building where Deriabin lived; (7) counterintelligence office



AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

larger and far more tightly organized than he had ever imagined. It was the most alert, suspicious and intricate system ever devised to insulate a ruling caste from the life around it.

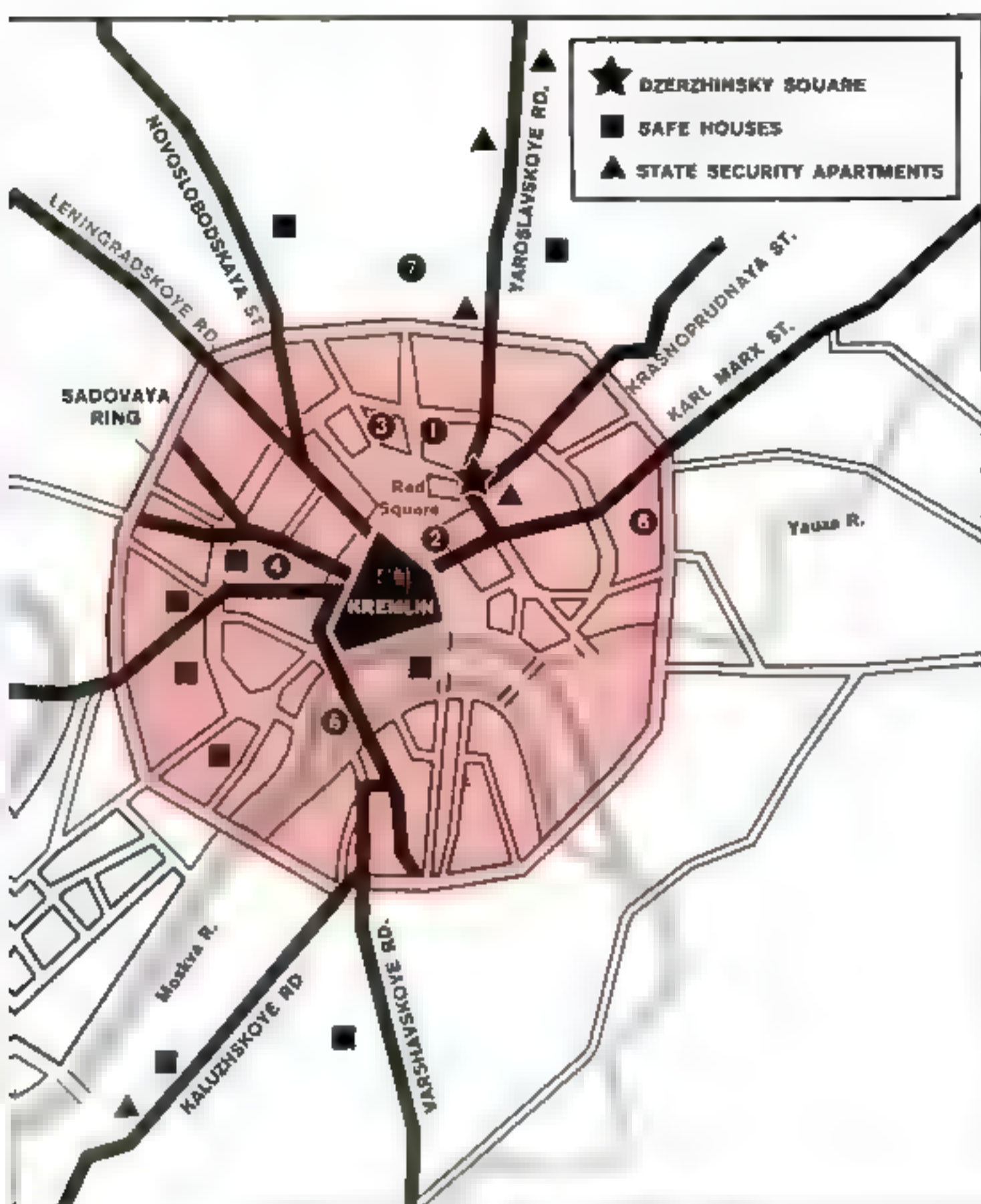
The Kremlin and its allied buildings have a separate power plant and a separate communications system. On the outskirts of the city the Kremlin has its own farms and slaughterhouses, whose produce is sent in daily along well-defined routes. The farms supply not only the Kremlin buildings but also the 40 or so private houses bound up in the network. Also serving these buildings is a small army of plumbers, electricians, doctors, cooks, valets, handymen and almost every other variety of professional and service help—including prostitutes. All these workers carry State Security identification cards. All are under the Okhrana's control. Most of the house servants are actually noncommissioned officers in the organization.

The total population of this secret city runs into the thousands, but the great bulk of this force is never seen by the public. A visitor to the Kremlin sees only a few members of the Okhrana, the spotlessly behaved special guard battalion posted at virtually every door and hallway in the official buildings. But other members of the Okhrana are always around. They mount a 24-hour watch over the secret city's buildings and the roads connecting them. Each man has his block to patrol, and each knows that other eyes are watching him and reporting back to headquarters. Deriabin directed a section which had this task of watching the guards themselves.

Official parades called for especially close surveillance. Every third person on the reviewing stand was an armed member of the State Security. To keep marchers from getting too close to the Kremlin bosses, the right files in every column were composed of trusted Party members, with a wall of State Security officers between them and the influential spectators. The Okhrana also had to see that none of the marchers carried live ammunition. (The penalty for a slip-up was 25 years at hard labor—for the soldier carrying the ammunition, for his officers and for all guard officers involved in his clearance.)

Deriabin's first taste of this kind of guard duty came during one of a series of great parades in Red Square in 1945 when even student officers of the State Security were called in to help. All foreigners are closely watched on such occasions. Equipped with a loaded pistol, Deriabin was posted on the mausoleum reviewing stand, three feet away from a questionable visitor named Dwight D. Eisenhower.

All officers of the Okhrana must be Communist Party members or Party-approved. It is not enough to have an immaculate personal



record. A candidate's family must pass the test, too. A man with relatives in prison is automatically rejected, as is any man with a relative who was a prerevolutionary landowner. The most painstaking care is taken to keep all Okhrana members isolated from the outside world. Not only are its members forbidden to travel abroad (except when called upon to guard a junketing Politburo member), but no one is allowed to join the Okhrana if a member of his family has ever been outside the country, even as a prisoner of war or as a Soviet government official.

The educational standard of the Okhrana is purposely kept low. Except for its own counterintelligence and operations sections, the organization normally does not enlist anyone who has received more than eight or nine years of schooling. (Deriabin, as a section head, was exempted from this restriction. He had the equivalent of a university education.) The State Security wants its elite corps to be patient, mechanically alert and trustworthy but not too bright. The late General Nikolai Vlasik summed up the official view succinctly when he headed the Okhrana. "We don't need the rotten intelligentsia," he said. Vlasik himself could barely sign his name.

The ideal Okhrana officer, in brief, is a man whose thought processes never get in the way of his reflexes. Deriabin's first instructors cited as an example the fast action of an officer guarding Politburo member Lazar Kaganovich, in the years before his 1957 disgrace. Kaganovich and his Okhrana bodyguard were walking down a corridor of the Kremlin late one evening when they almost collided with a cleaning woman. The woman, suddenly seeing a life-sized Politburo member face-to-face, dropped her handbag. Unhesitatingly the guard threw himself across the corridor and fell on the handbag. Thinking it might be a bomb, he was trying to blunt the explosion with his own body. Kaganovich made a coarse joke about the guard's fright—then peeled off his wrist watch and gave it to him.

In 1949 four officers in a jeep approached an intersection near the Kremlin. At the corner an amber light was flashing the signal that a Politburo cavalcade was en route and that all other traffic must stop. For some reason the jeep kept right on. As it entered the intersection Okhrana guards posted nearby calmly opened up on it with a machine gun. Instantly the four officers were killed. Minutes later a clean-up squad efficiently removed bodies, jeep and bloodstains, and no sign of the incident remained.

Although few Russians have the reflexes—or standards—to qualify for Okhrana duty, no likely candidate is ever forced into service with the organization. Once a man is in, however, it is not easy to quit. If he shows discontent and repeatedly asks for his release, he

CONTINUED



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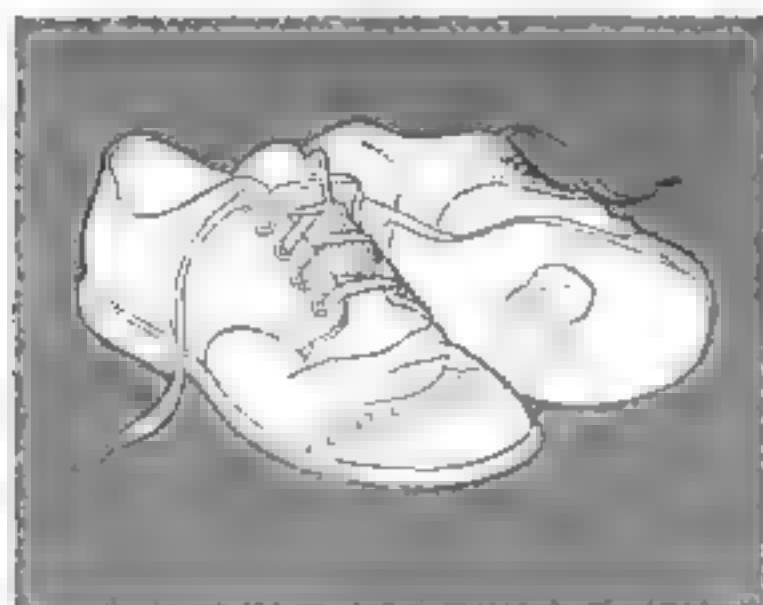
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AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

can resign. But his resignation is accompanied by expulsion from the Party and a bad reference from the State Security, to say nothing of a notation in the files that he is an anti-Soviet type who requires constant surveillance. It is impossible for a man who has resigned to get a decent job anywhere in Soviet society. In a significant number of cases men thus released from the service committed suicide shortly afterward.

The life of an Okhrana officer, Deriabin soon discovered, was not only emotionally but physically exhausting. His working day in Moscow began at 11 a.m. and continued to 5:30 p.m., when he took a three-hour break. On the next half of his shift, he worked from 8:30 until 1 or 2 a.m., sometimes later.

There were, of course, certain compensations for the rugged schedule. Deriabin, who is now divorced, was married at the time to a stenographer in Lazar Kaganovich's office. They had one big room in the State Security's own 10-story apartment house near the Sadovaya Ring, sharing a kitchen with two other families, a most comfortable arrangement by Soviet standards. Everything in Deriabin's life was privileged. He had a car and chauffeur which he used for personal as well as official travels. While other Soviet citizens had to stand in line to get the necessities of life, Deriabin was provided with both necessities and luxuries. Furthermore, if he wanted something that was not provided—a tailor-made coat, for example—he had only to show his State Security card to have the clerk's "long waiting period" change to "When do you want it?"

When their child was born, Deriabin's wife went to the Kremlin hospital, where she received attention roughly equivalent to that given a semiprivate patient in an American hospital, an unheard-of luxury for most Russians. An even greater luxury was Deriabin's ability to do things for people: when a friend of former days was found

WHY FEW RUSSIANS

For the average Russian, the path to freedom taken by Peter Deriabin does not exist. Ordinary Soviet citizens are rarely allowed outside the country, and 200,000 troops patrol the borders to enforce this restriction. For all practical purposes the only people who have any chance to escape are the members of the New Class, the upper-echelon people who are supposedly trustworthy enough to face the outside world. They are the only ones who are allowed to work outside the borders of the U.S.S.R.

Why do so few of these men defect? There are several reasons

1. **The hostage system.** Every member of a man's family is liable to prosecution if he does wrong. Even if a defector takes his immediate family with him, his relatives and close associates may be punished for his action.
2. **Privileges.** With rare exceptions, the only Russians permitted to venture outside the Soviet Union are those with a vested interest in the regime. By Soviet standards they are members of the country club set. They get the best food, the choice apartments, the



GUARDING CHIEFS. Okhrana agents accompany Khrushchev and Bulganin during Soviet leaders' 1956 visit to Britain. Okhrana men (indicated by numerals) are shown with other members of the Russian official delegation inspecting a laboratory at the Harwell atomic research station. No. 2 is Lieut. Colonel Zaitsev, one of those in charge of protecting Soviet political leaders.

guilty of disturbing the peace and sentenced by the Moscow prosecutor, a phone call from Deriabin's superior at Moscow headquarters was enough to erase the entire proceeding from the official record.

The new friends the Deriabins made and the parties they went to were almost entirely within the orbit of the State Security. It was both safer and more comfortable to avoid other associations. Soon Deriabin was referring to his former friends in Siberia as *Kolkhozniki*, the Soviet equivalent of peasants. The few old friends and relatives they did see were polite to the point of embarrassment. Host and hostess, aware of his position, would drop whatever they were doing to refill his glass or to help him to the choice bits of food.

Deriabin's job did, in fact, give him terrifying power. He and 11 officers under him were responsible for the reliability of some 2,400 uniformed and plainclothes Okhrana officers working in and around the Kremlin. Most of their daily investigative reports posed questions that only a pathologically suspicious system of government would think worthy of attention. Why was Senior Lieutenant X drinking so much off-duty? Why had the brother of Captain Y made a trip from Kharkov to Moscow? Did the wife of Junior Lieutenant Z have a brother-in-law with relatives abroad? Deriabin would decide what action was necessary in each case. He had access to the files of every man in the Okhrana, irrespective of his position or duties.

He also knew, of course, that there was someone who had access to his folder. But since Deriabin, by virtue of his position as a Communist Party secretary, was a member of the innermost "in" group, the man working on his file was usually a good friend.

In the Okhrana, as in his earlier life as a State Security case officer in the provinces, Deriabin had the power to declare a man anti-Soviet. This is the most dreaded accusation a man can have brought against him, with an automatic penalty of 15 years' imprisonment. A man could be declared anti-Soviet because of a tainted background or because of a lie attempting to conceal it, for refusal

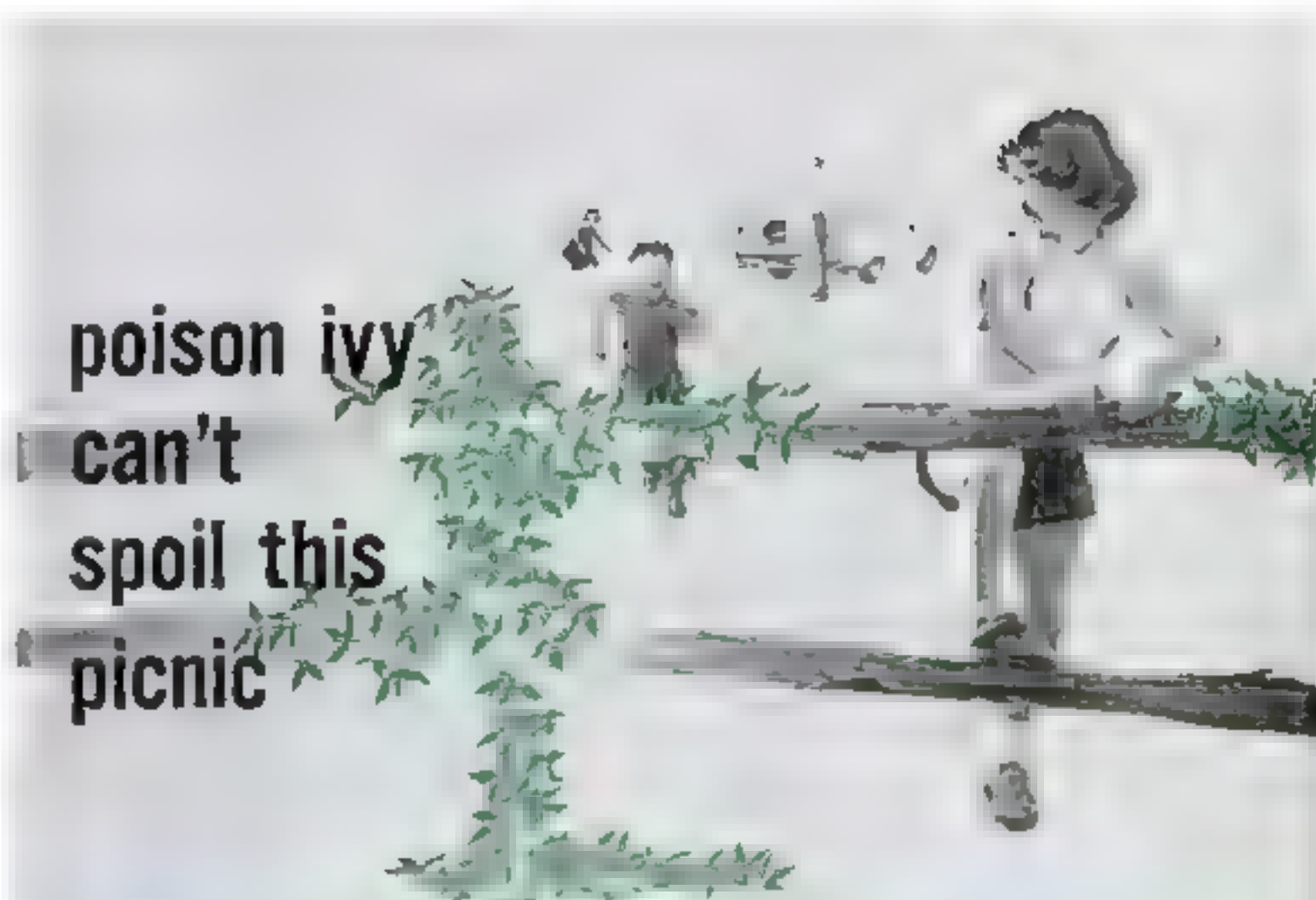
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TRY TO GET AWAY

respect of their fellow citizens. Only the most powerful motivations could induce such people to exchange their good life under the Soviet system for an unknown existence abroad.

3. **Indoctrination.** From childhood all Russians are taught that Communism is the wave of the future. Its shortcomings are excused, its benefits extolled. Visible evidence of Western progress is written off either as an accident or as the work of "capitalist exploiters." After a lifetime of this conditioning even the most sophisticated Russians come to believe at least part of the propaganda. Furthermore, most Russians—whatever their private views about Communism—are sincerely patriotic and their pride is increased by such Soviet achievements as Sputnik. Even some of those who are dissatisfied with the regime, like Nobel Prize winner Boris Pasternak, refuse to leave their native land.

4. **Fear of the unknown.** This is the most powerful single deterrent. Russians are taught to fear foreigners. Deriabin himself was surprised at the kindness with which he was received in the U.S.



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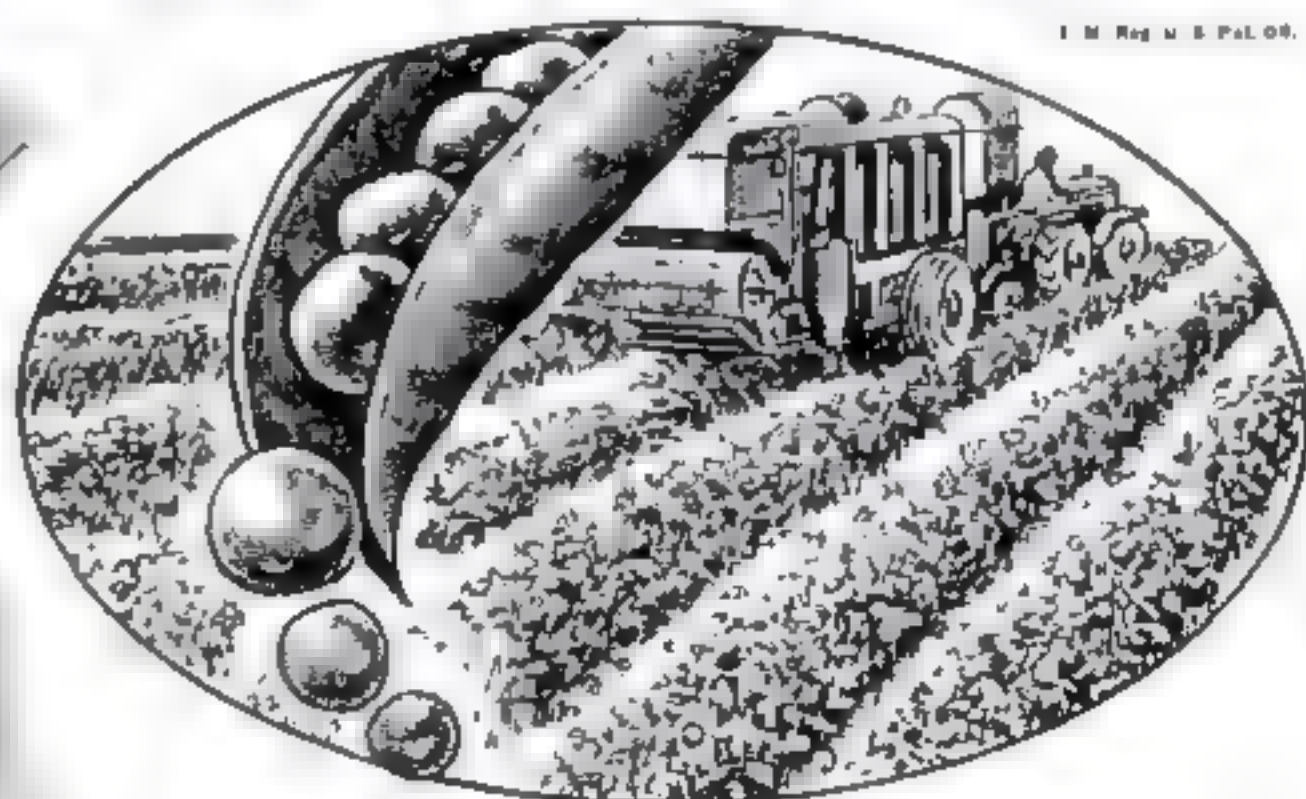
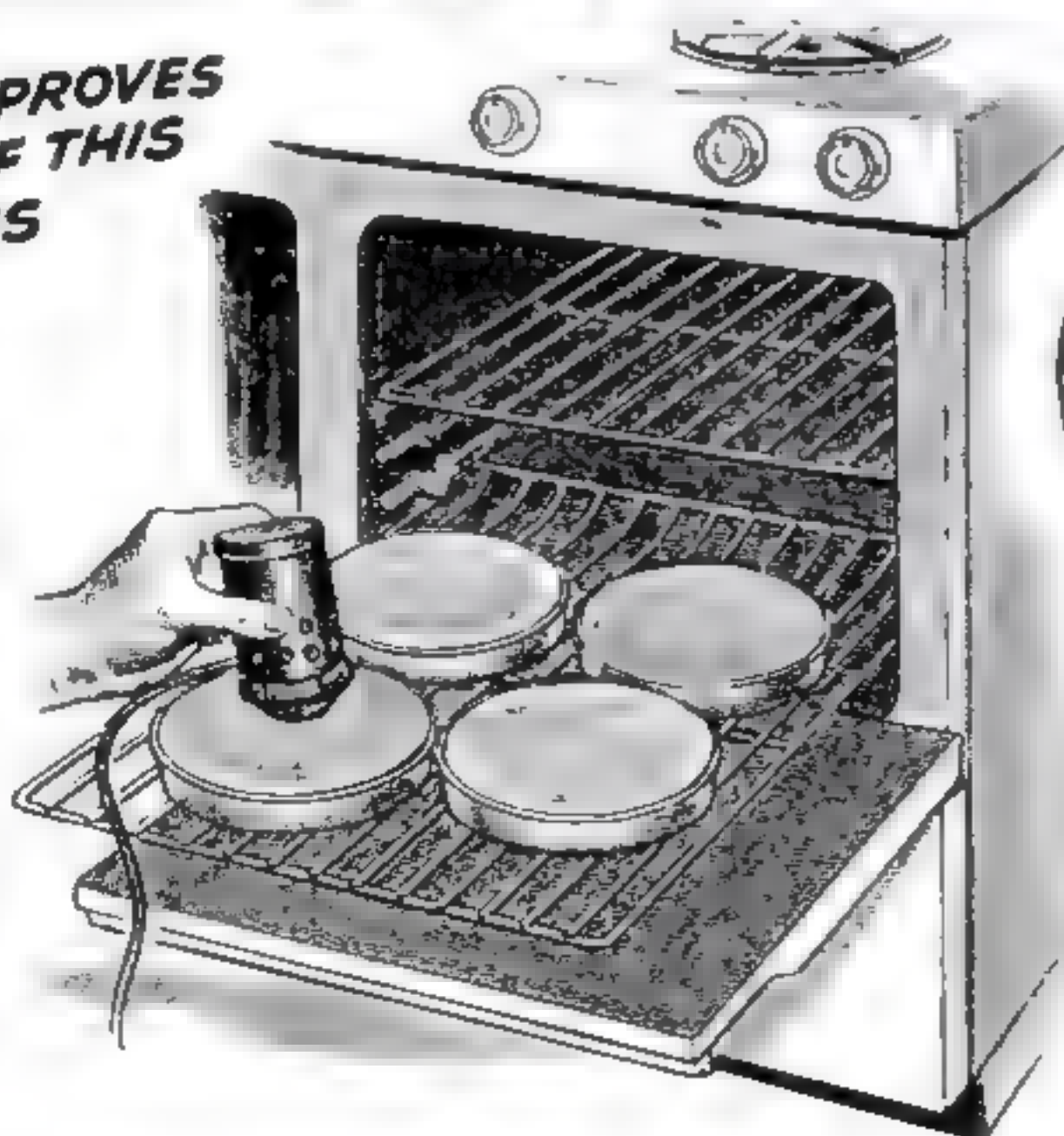
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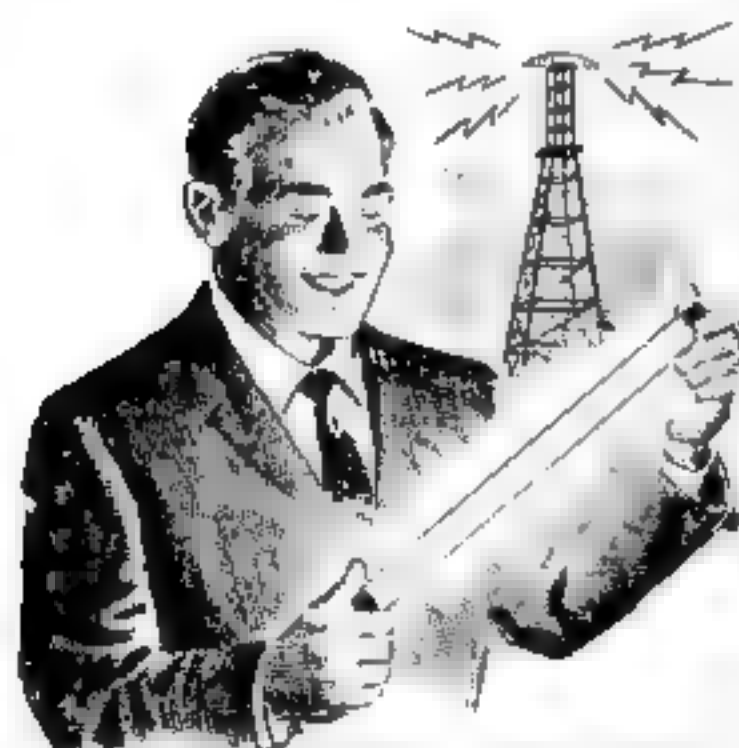
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AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

to work in a low-paid factory or for a chance joke about the leadership. Once the awful label got into a man's record, even if it was only a suspicion, it was almost impossible to clear his name.

The Okhrana members, more than most Russians, had to lead politically blameless lives. Like other officers of the State Security, they were obliged to report any change in their private circumstances: marriages, births, illnesses or any moral or legal troubles of their relatives. A full-dress security check was made on every man at least once a year. A serious mistake meant instant dismissal and usually personal tragedy. There was no appeal.

Deriabin himself had two close calls, both involving women. One tried to blackmail him, threatening to go to his superior with the false charge that she was about to bear his child. Deriabin went to his superior first. The man, a general, reacted typically: "Fix it," he said flatly. "I don't care how you do it. Take some leave and visit her. But see that she doesn't bother you again. We can't have this." Deriabin went to the woman and told her that unless she signed a statement acknowledging her blackmail attempt, he would turn the State Security loose against her. She signed.

The other woman was a secretary whom he had transferred because she was lazy. To get back at him she wrote an unsigned letter to an Okhrana colonel accusing Deriabin of spreading anti-Stalin rumors. The fact was that Deriabin had cracked one joke about the notorious debauches of Stalin's son Vasily. Confronted with the letter, Deriabin admitted the joke, adding (since the colonel was an old friend), "It's true, isn't it?" He got off with a reprimand.

When Deriabin joked about Vasily Stalin, he was not repeating idle gossip. The Okhrana members inevitably picked up a great deal of intimate information about their bosses and their bosses' families. Indeed, this was one of the most nerve-racking aspects of the job. In a police state it is not safe to be privy to the personal secrets of the leadership. Furthermore the Communist New Class hierarchy does not encourage familiarity with the hired help: an officer in Nikita Khrushchev's personal guard was summarily transferred when he became slightly friendly with one of Khrushchev's daughters. Yet, despite the wishes of all concerned, the intimate lives of the leaders were an open book to the guards.

Immorality in the Kremlin

PPRIVATE lives inside the Kremlin were not pretty. Josef Stalin unquestionably set the all-time low in 1932 when he murdered his wife in a fit of rage because she had questioned his decisions. His lieutenant, Lavrenti Beria, went on to establish a fantastic record for moral depravity. It eclipsed even the activities of men like Deriabin's former State Security boss, Viktor Abakumov, who maintained a private network of brothels. After Beria's death the names of 200 call girls were found in his private files. He had no compunction about the women he debauched. Among others, the wives of several State Security officers were obliged to spend the night with him under the pain of their husbands' arrest. But Beria's worst vice was his fondness for schoolgirls. He kidnaped one Moscow 11-year-old and held her captive in his house for three days.

The habits of other Soviet officials were more nearly normal but equally uncontrolled. One of Mikoyan's sons regularly smashed up the state cars given to him and as regularly requisitioned new ones to replace them. Vasily Stalin's quarters were the scene of lavish vodka-and-V-girl debauches in which his Okhrana bodyguards were required to participate. Many of the guards went the way of their boss, who ended up after his father's death in an asylum for alcoholics. Okhrana officers also had to join in the monumental drinking bouts of Marshal Timoshenko—a fate almost as hard on the constitution as being a member of Vasily Stalin's entourage. One Okhrana captain had to be transferred out of Minsk when he concluded one early-morning drinking session by knocking the marshal's chief of staff insensible with a bottle. Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, until 1956 the Soviet proconsul in Poland, preferred women to wine. Wherever he was stationed, he always had girl friends sharing his quarters. Marshal Zhukov was another prominent ladies' man, and it was said that to be a chambermaid in his residences was a hazardous occupation.

Immorality was a useful weapon in the State Security arsenal—and sometimes an even more effective counterweapon. During Deriabin's wartime service the State Security officer with a front-line army division ordered one of his agents, a nurse attached to headquarters, to collect incriminating information about the chief of staff, a senior Red army colonel. On the colonel's birthday, which was celebrated with vodka and brandy, the woman forgot her duties long enough to spend the night in the colonel's well-padded dugout. Smitten with the colonel, she confessed her orders to spy on him. The next morning the angry colonel confronted the State Security officer in the officers'

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AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

mess. "I slept with your agent last night," he said, "and the next time you send me one, I'll deal with her in the same way."

On all levels of the State Security, the atmosphere of vice was contagious. While Stalin was alive he had a personal guard of 406 men who stayed by him constantly and reflected every bit of Stalin's immorality in their private conduct. Colonel Kirilin of the Okhrana, who led Stalin's screaming motorcades through the streets, was given to shrieking obscenities—and frequently spitting—at passers-by who stood too close.

Street fighting and drunkenness were common among the Stalin guards when off duty, and their high rank (Stalin's private chauffeur was a major) made them almost immune to outside discipline. In the summer of 1950 drunken Okhrana members at Sochi, the Black Sea resort which Stalin was fond of visiting, started to annoy some women. When a local man tried to stop them, one of the guards, a 6'6" giant, struck and killed him with a blow to the neck. The chief of the Okhrana called the guard in and said, "We need men who are that good with their fists. Allow me to express my gratitude."

In the purges following Stalin's death every ranking member of his personal guard was either imprisoned, sent to Siberia or transferred. But under Khrushchev and his predecessors the Okhrana has continued to perform much the same functions. If a daily plane is no longer needed to fly two freshly slaughtered baby lambs to Stalin's vacation place (he liked *shashlik*), similar services are now being done for Russia's present bosses. Khrushchev's personal bodyguard numbers some 60 men. Even before he consolidated his personal dictatorship he maintained the following household in Moscow: two cooks, four waiters, one housekeeper, one lady's maid, one barber, two building superintendents, three charwomen, one gardener, three chauffeurs for himself and two chauffeurs for his wife.

Living in the midst of such plenty, most State Security officers developed expensive tastes as well as vices. Sometimes their tastes got them into trouble. In the course of an inspection trip through the heavily guarded country estate of Lazar Kaganovich, Lieutenant General Vasily Ivanovich Rummyantsev and three of his colonels paid a visit to Kaganovich's luxurious steam bath, a lavish relaxation center equipped with plentiful supplies of brandy. The general and his colonels stripped, went into the bath and, in between the steam and the rubdowns, polished off most of Kaganovich's brandy. Suddenly word came that Kaganovich was on his way. There was nothing for it but to bundle the general and the colonels, clad only in towels and brandy fumes, into a car, throwing their uniforms in after them. Kaganovich was never the wiser.

Once Deriabin himself had a narrow escape from the vengeance of a superior. He had become friendly with a secretary in State Security headquarters. Deriabin called on her once, drank a few vodkas and was anticipating a pleasant evening when she looked at the time and told him bluntly that he must go. "Why?" he asked. "You can stay," she said, "if you'd like to meet Viktor Semeonovich." It suddenly dawned on Deriabin that the girl meant none other than Viktor Semeonovich Abakumov, then the boss of the State Security. Deriabin left hurriedly, thus managing to escape the fate of another of the

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AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

same girl's former boyfriends, a captain in the State Security whom Abakumov had shortly before transferred to the district office on Sakhalin Island, almost 4,000 miles away.

The lives of the Okhrana officers were greatly complicated by the fact that no Soviet leader has ever felt really secure. A favorite joke in State Security circles concerned the Minister of Public Works who went out from Moscow to one of his districts. After noting the claims of all the installations in his area, he gave a huge appropriation for modernizing and beautifying the camp for anti-Soviet prisoners, but allotted nothing to the local school. "Comrade Minister," his aide asked cautiously, "why do you do this? The school really needs the money. The prison camp improvements are not at all essential." "You fool," the minister replied, "where do you think I will be going next year—the camp or the school?"

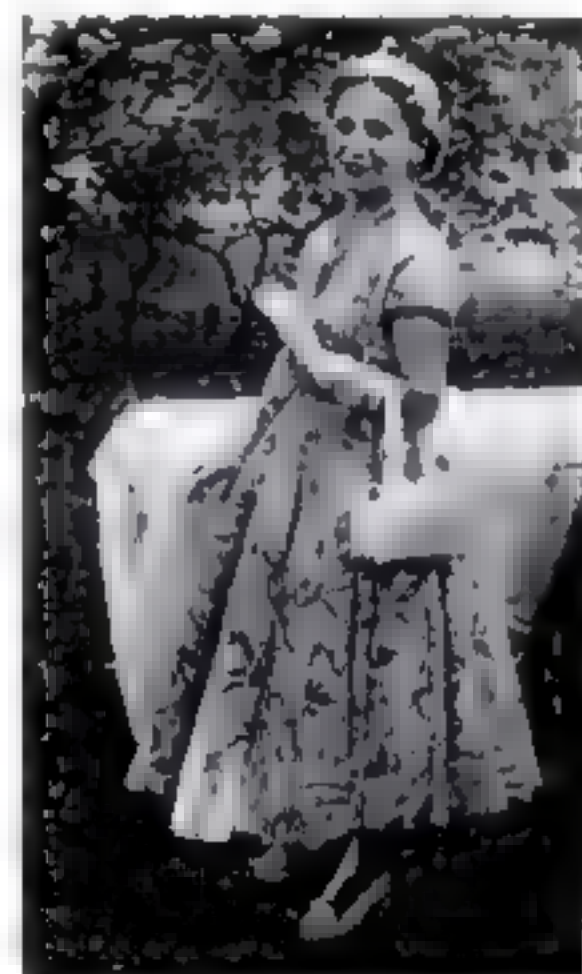
This story was never more applicable than in the confusion which shook the secret city of Moscow immediately before and after the death of Stalin. Down to the lowest levels of the State Security, officers were afraid to sign simple orders for fear of being incriminated in the power struggle. Even simple technicians had their nightmares: while one group of State Security electronic experts in Beria's employ was bugging the offices of other Politburo members, another team on the orders of General Sergei Kruglov was bugging Beria's own office. An elementary Party questionnaire that went around at about this time created consternation by asking who was the world's leading Communist. Now that Stalin was dead the wrong choice might easily be recalled from the files to haunt the writer forever. Along with other prudent Party secretaries, Deriabin advised those under him to take refuge in internationalism and nominate Mao Tse-tung.

Under the pressure of fear during this period all the rottenness in the New Class spurted to the surface. Everyone tried to save himself. Generals sent anonymous letters denouncing Party officials. Officers inside the State Security, some of them in Deriabin's own branch, deliberately slowed down their work to make their department heads look inefficient and force their removal. The more prominent the person, the more fearful he became. At all levels people tried to play it safe. Sometimes the results were ludicrous.

Olga Lepeshinskaya, a top ranking Soviet ballerina, was married to Leonid Fedorovich Reichman, a lieutenant general in the State Security and a well-known Beria supporter. In August, 1951, during a temporary purge of Beria supporters, Reichman was carted off to jail. Lepeshinskaya hastily divorced him. "He is not my husband," she said forthrightly. "If he is an enemy of the people." Then the pendulum swung back: Reichman was released and restored to power. Lepeshinskaya promptly remarried him, presumably having discovered that he was not an enemy of the people after all. After Beria's execution Reichman was sent off to the labor camps again, probably for good. Her political reflexes still working perfectly, Lepeshinskaya divorced him again and went back to the theater where she thereafter kept out of the limelight—at least until she was accused of shoplifting at the Brussels World's Fair in 1958.

The present head of the Okhrana is a friend of Khrushchev's named Lenev. He can count on being replaced immediately if the regime changes. When Molotov was ousted as foreign minister in 1949, for example, Deriabin found himself conferring with an Okhrana official, Colonel Goryshev, about the fate of Molotov's bodyguard, a Colonel Alexandrov. "Well," said Goryshev, "they fired Molotov. Suppose we fire Alexandrov." After a thorough search of Alexandrov's documents, investigators were able to unearth a few tenuous evidences of "Trotskyism" to justify his dismissal. Goryshev himself later fell into disfavor and was transferred. But he was luckier than such former Okhrana chiefs as Major General Sergei Kuzmichev and the infamous General Vlasik, both of whom wound up in prison.

Like others in the Okhrana (and in Soviet society in general) Deriabin was revolted by the purges and counterpurges that followed the death of Stalin. They crystallized the doubts that had been growing in his mind about the values of the system he worked for. Everything he



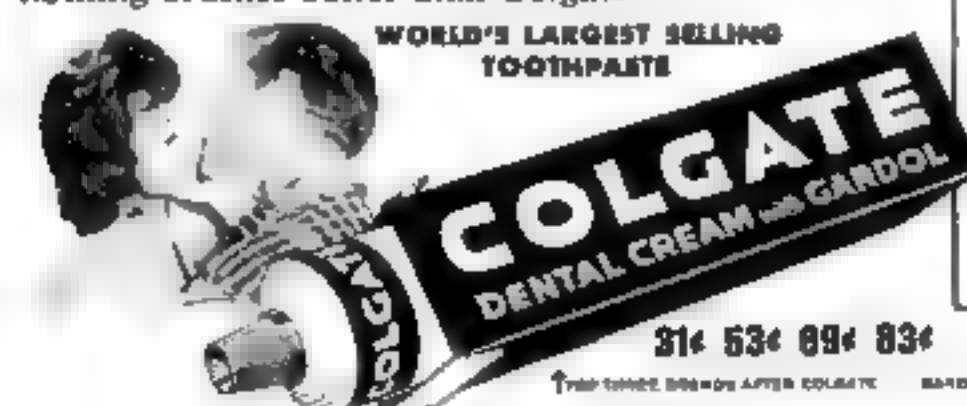
JUMPY DANCER Olga Lepeshinskaya panicked both times her husband fell from political favor and twice divorced him.

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Speaker: 4" P.M. speaker
With earphone



MODEL: 6TP-219

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Wt.: 11 oss
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Battery: Standard type (9V)
Speaker: 2 1/4" P.M. speaker
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AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

had once learned and believed about Communist progress was denied by some part of his own experience, and the accumulation of all he had seen and heard began to weigh heavily on him: the talented crippled boy in Siberia whose future was doomed because of his father's "anti-Soviet" remark, the crumpled body of the soldier in Red Square who had dared to protest, the wrecked jeep containing the bodies of four men whose only offense was that they had failed to heed a flashing light. These—and hundreds of incidents like them—were, Deriabin realized, his whole life, the life of a State Security officer. And now he was forced to watch even his colleagues trying to destroy one another in the purges.

Unlike most of his fellow officers, Deriabin had the good fortune to escape this whirlpool of charges and denunciations inside the secret city of the Okhrana before he could become deeply involved. His friends arranged a transfer, first to foreign intelligence and, later, outside the Soviet Union to Vienna.

When he boarded the train for Austria, Deriabin's desire to flee the Soviet Union was as yet barely half formed. But he had already reached damning conclusions about the Soviet world. He wrote them down after he had reached safety in the West: "Gradually, the more I became part of the System, the stronger grew this discord between the inhuman system and a human being. According to Western writers, the Soviet system has brought up a peculiar generation, which is an inseparable part of this system. But for me the truth is otherwise. The more a man gets acquainted with the System, the more it antagonizes him.

"When it was impossible for me to reconcile the theory of Communist society in general with the Soviet society in particular, my ideals for both began to vanish. My faith ceased to exist. With the death of this faith, my life became useless. . . ."

Deriabin was not the first Russian to lose his faith. But he was one of the few who was in a position to do something about it. In 1954 he jumped over the wall, hoping both to set an example for those behind him and to tell the truth to the people outside. He did so at the cost of fearful personal stress. He left behind people who were dear to him. He deserted old friends, his native language, and all the comforting familiar things that can make even a prison seem like home. But, looking back on a life that could not be endured, Peter Deriabin found the choice inevitable. He has never regretted it.

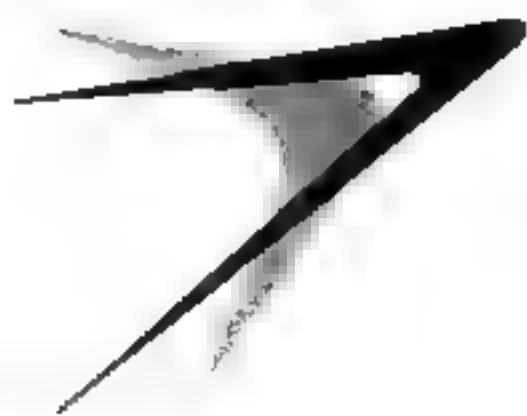


HONORING SECRET POLICE, Soviet officials last December dedicated this statue of the organization's founder, Feliks Dzerzhinsky. The building at left houses State Security offices. Peter Deriabin worked on the 6th floor.



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25 feet beyond that approaching car (and not yet in the beam range of your present two headlamps) is a fallen box, but you can't see it!

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See better in spite of the other car's lights!



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There's the box 225 ft. ahead! This is how a pair of new G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps helps you see better against oncoming cars' lights!

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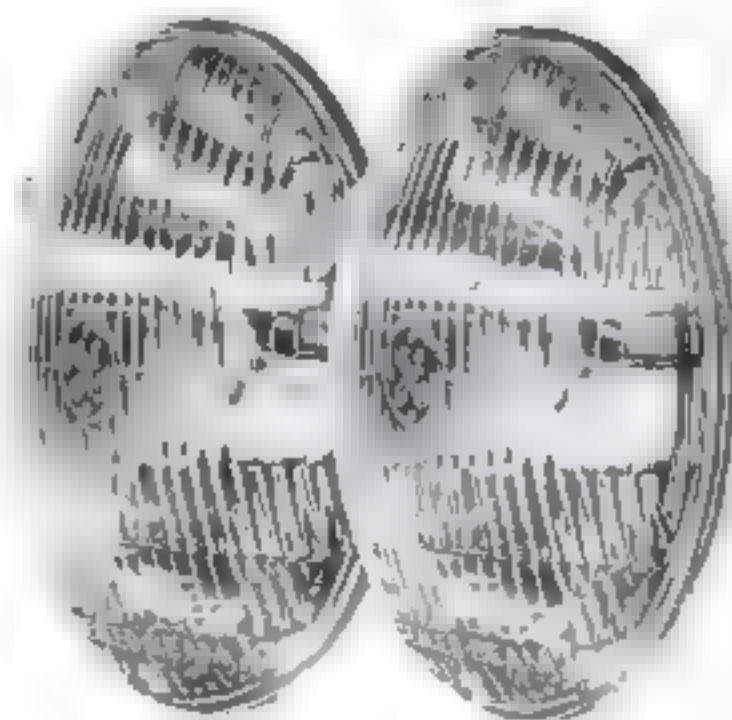
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Only the new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps have the low beam filament *optically centered* in the reflector. Because this filament is on-focus, it provides *twice* as much light in the "spotlight" area as any previous headlamp. You get ample light to the sides of the road, with no added drain on the battery.

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A PROFITABLE EASTER EGG BEE

For the ladies of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Denison, Texas, the last Easter have been one long rotund of egg blowing and painting. For years the ladies had sold a few dozen ornate eggs to raise church funds. They sold for a few cents each and church members bought them as gifts. But this year one of the ladies took a box of the eggs to Newman Marcus Specialty Store in Dallas. Saw buyers and the store got an order for 152 dozen.

With their home-made products now in one of the country's finest stores, the ladies of St. Luke's realized they had hundreds of eggs. Some decorated them at home. Others met at the church to soap-pipe. They worked. When time grew short the Deacon and Methodist ladies stepped in to help out. The society was met and the church netted over \$500. Every lady was happy except the ladies' husbands. They were fed up with scrambled eggs.

THIS MINSTREL MAY WAS ONE OF THE LADIES' MOST POPULAR CREATIONS.



THE STORE PAID A DOLLAR EACH FOR ONE-OF-A-KIND CREATIONS LIKE THIS.



CONTINUED

EASTER EGG BEE CONTINUED



MATERIALS FOR INDIAN MAID AND OTHERS CAME FROM TRUNKS IN ATTICS



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German Shepherd by Mary Baker

Milk-Bone satisfies the bone hunger of your dog

Milk-Bone Dog Biscuits give your dog the chewing exercise of a bone plus vital nutrition

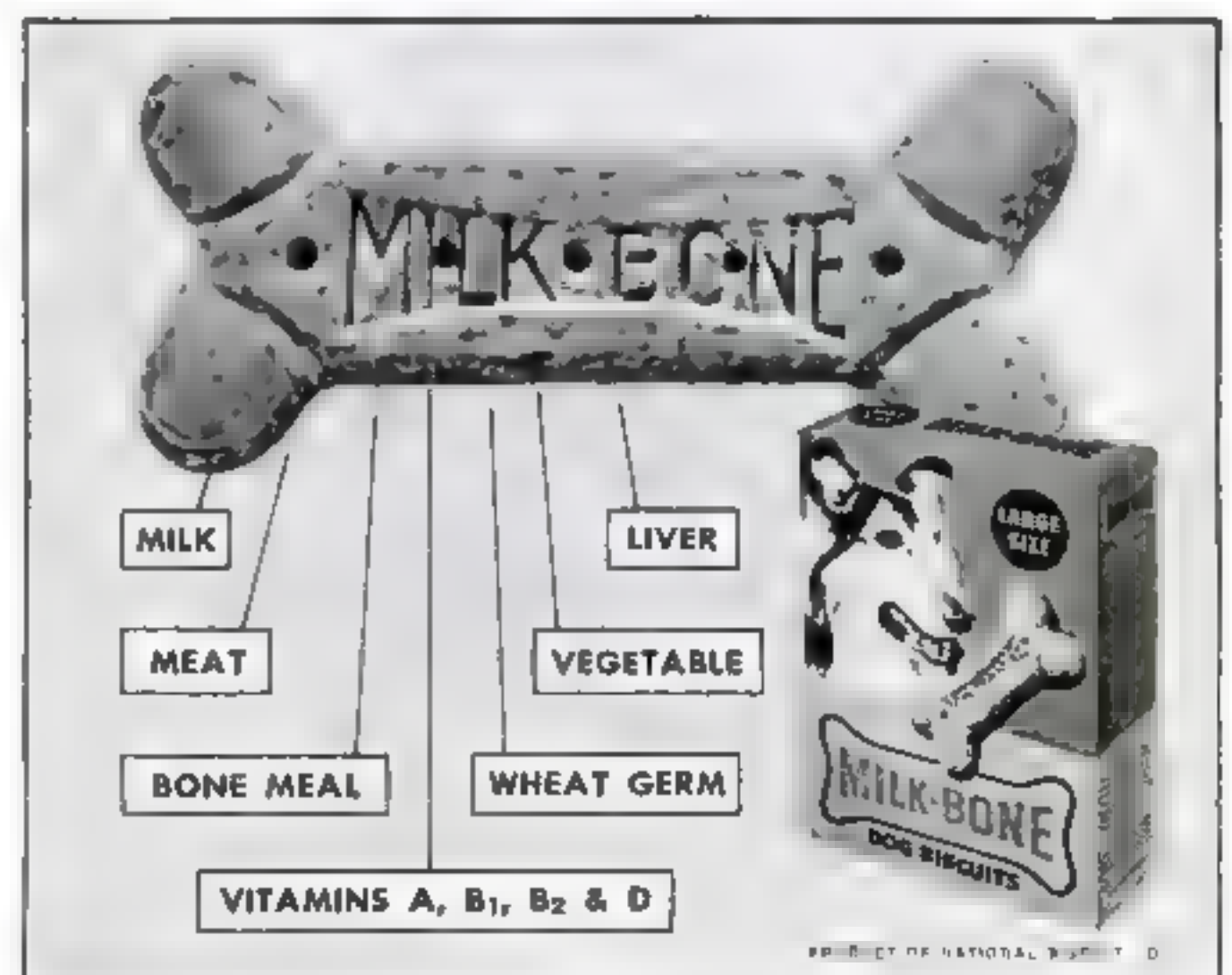
Gnawing a bone is second nature to a dog. He needs to chew, and knows it.

But bones are few in today's kitchens, and most bones that are available are not safe or good for your dog. Therefore, the modern dog goes bone-hungry.

The answer is Milk-Bone, the biscuit that looks and chews like a bone—but provides far more nourishment, includ-

ing milk, meat, bone meal and vegetables. Unlike other biscuits, Milk-Bone contains *no* artificial flavors and *no* artificial colors.

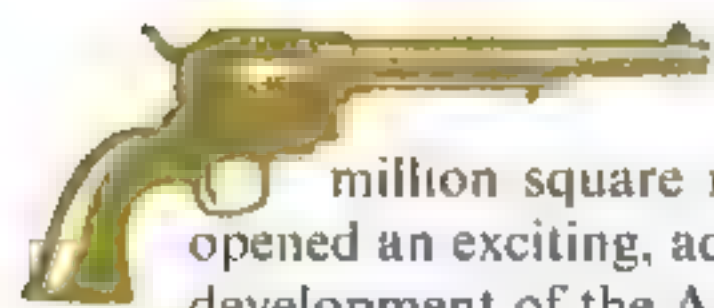
Whatever else your dog eats, he needs Milk-Bone to satisfy his bone hunger. Get Milk-Bone in the size biscuit that suits your dog best—small, medium, or large.



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HOW THE



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In more than 70 breath-taking color pages of paintings and photographs you'll trace the course of western history from the early explorers to the memorable St. Louis Exposition of 1904. You'll accompany trappers through the wilderness, see the savage Indians they encountered, travel along the Oregon Trail, meet Stephen Austin and the rugged pioneers who settled Texas.

You'll enjoy the rip-roaring life of a California mining camp described in vivid detail in an exciting literary discovery—a miner's heretofore unpublished diary. You'll see how San Francisco grew and watch the Vigilantes in action. You'll see firsthand in artists' paintings what a cowboy's life was really like and learn how lawlessness developed on the frontier, bringing with it fabled gunfighters.

WEST WAS WON



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ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*

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LIFE



HORSE'S MEAL ON THE HOUSE

After a hard day's work in the Austrian Alps, a draft horse named Liesl likes to light into a square meal. But one day Liesl let her appetite carry her a bit too far. As she drew near her stable, she picked up the tantalizing scent of the hot new bread being baked for Farmer Sebastian Weinberger's

dinner. Liesl sloped off the beaten path, poked her nose through the open window and munched down an entire basket of fresh bread. Photographer Heini Mayr was there waiting for Weinberger and dinner. Instead of the hot bread, supposed to go with his meal, he got this photograph.

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